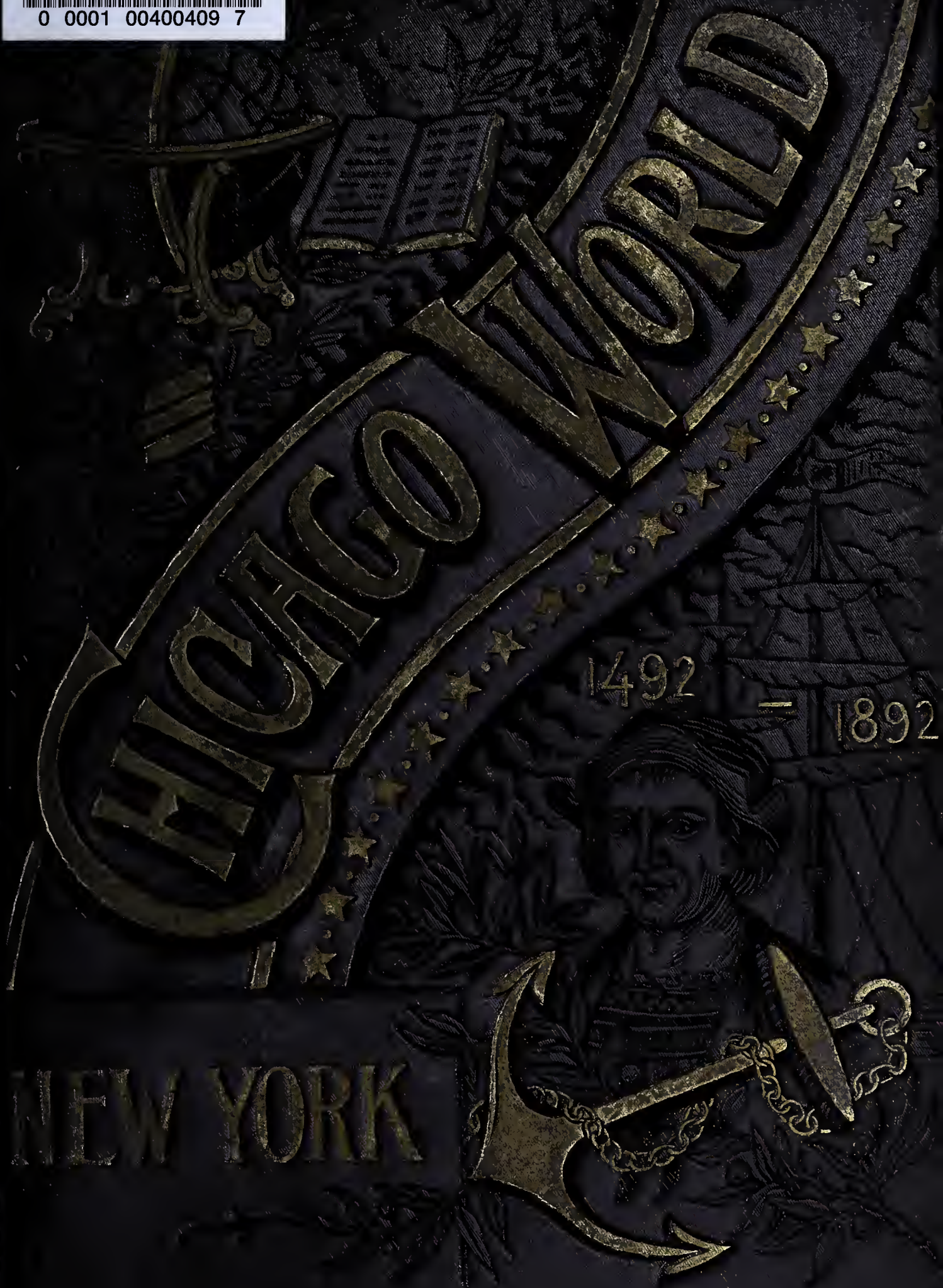


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CHICAGO WORLD

CHICAGO WORLD

THE

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND PHILANTHROPICAL

RECORD OF NEW YORK

AND

NEW YORK'S STATE EXHIBITS

AT THE

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

CLASSIFIED AND ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO WORLD BOOK COMPANY

1892

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUTH LEAGUE

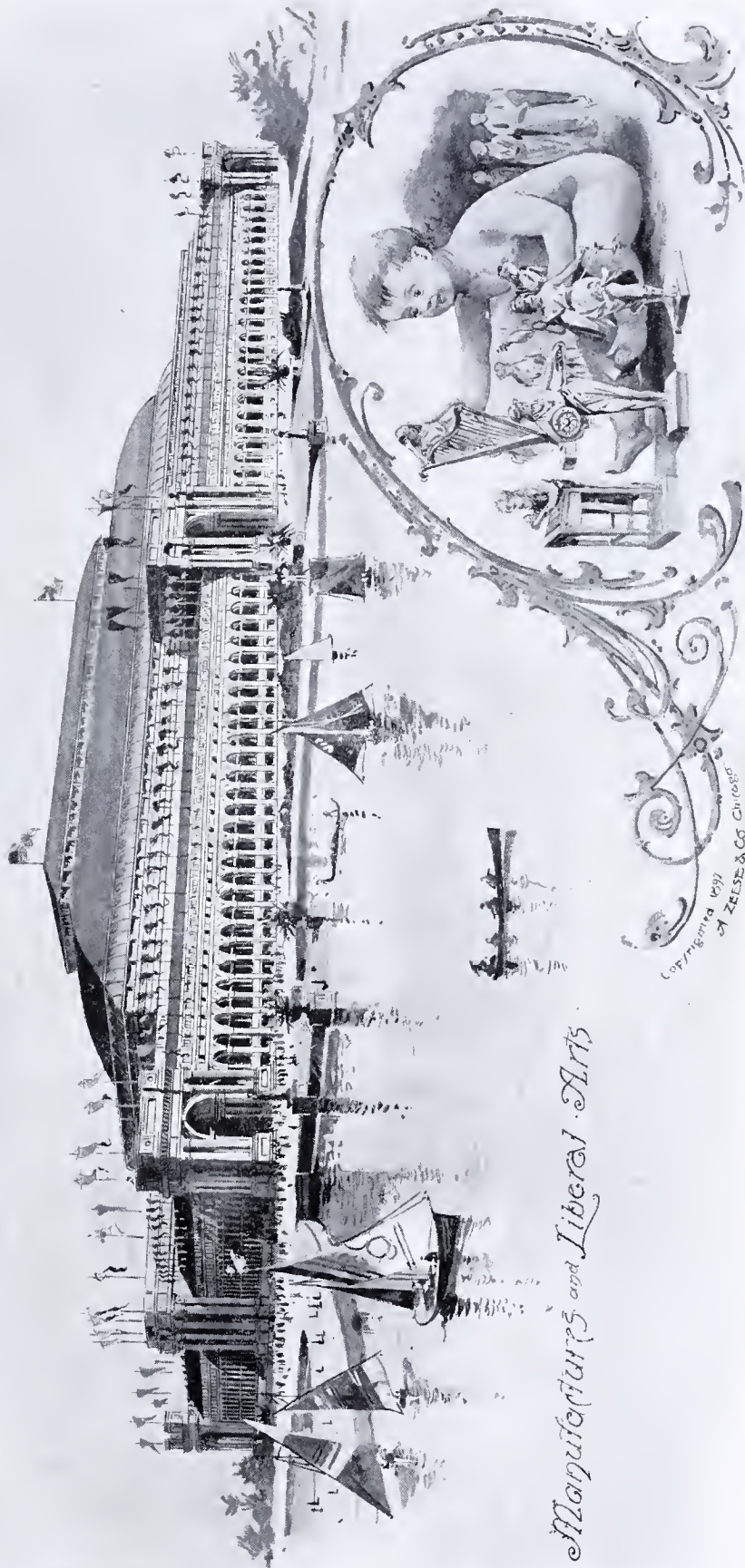
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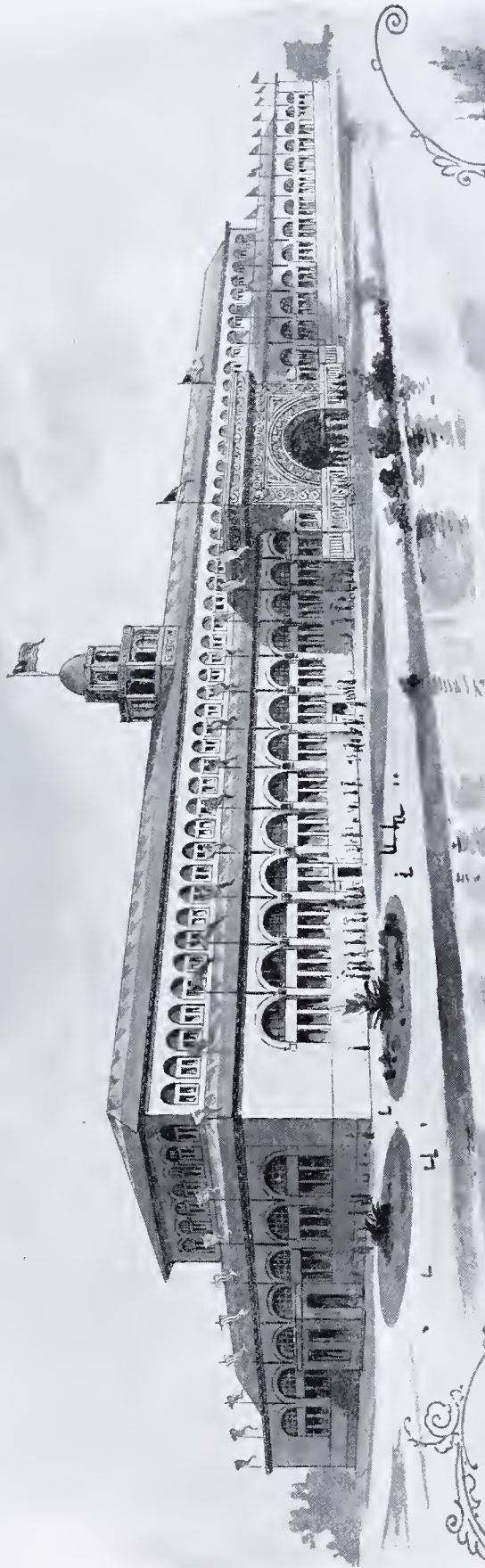
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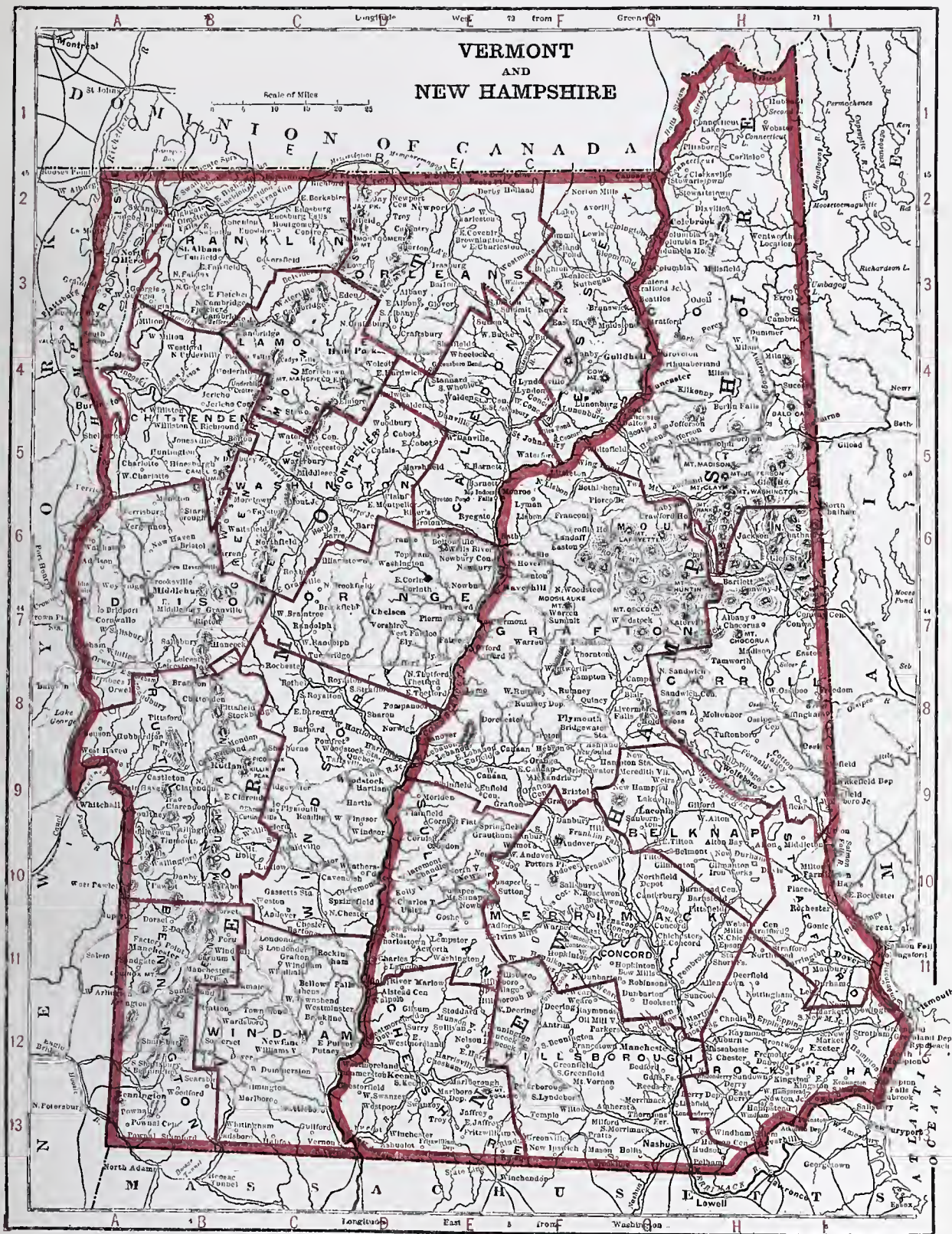


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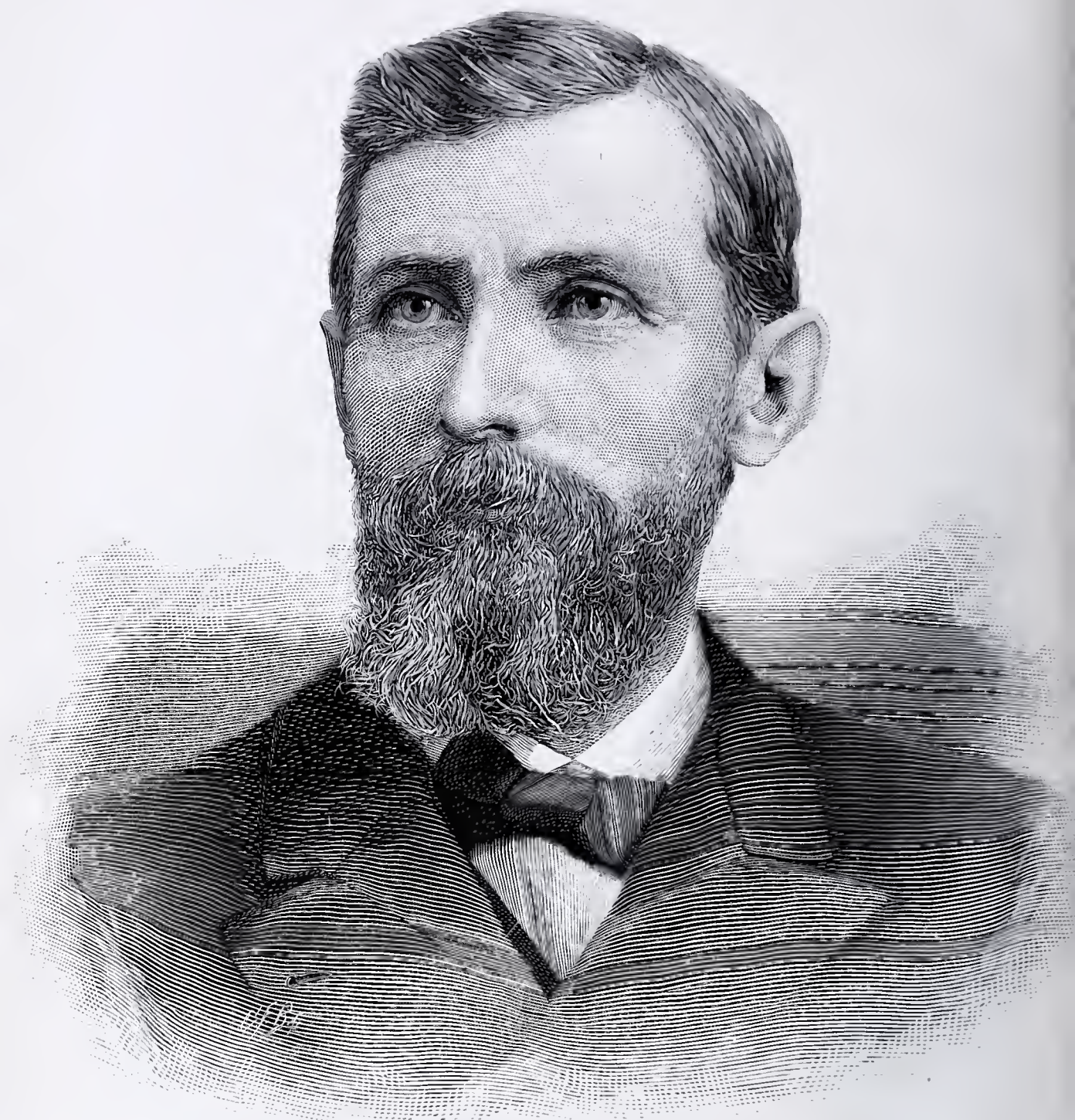


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This is a sample of the map that will appear in each State volume of the CHICAGO WORLD. Maps of New York and other large States will occupy two pages.



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HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM,
PRESIDENT WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND OF BOARD OF ADMINISTRATION.

❧❧❧Introductory.❧❧❧

DEAR FRIEND — We present in this volume some of the features to be incorporated in the New York edition of the CHICAGO WORLD. It embraces information of historical, biographical, statistical and philanthropical character, fully up to date. It is one part of a series, grand with original ideas, bringing in review the deeds of the great and noble men and women, statesmen and patriots, who by their work and words have brought the old "Empire State" to its present high position of civilization, culture and political importance.

The advance sheets contained in this volume represent one of a series now in preparation for all the leading States in the Union, each State having a separate book devoted especially to its interests. In addition to the information, as represented by the following pages, the most important portions of the State exhibits will be given, illustrated and classified under their respective departments, thus enabling the reader to form an intelligent idea of the exhibits of his State at the World's Columbian Exposition. Each volume will contain a map of the State it represents, with a number of pages of statistical matter of both local and National interest.

On the illustrations no care or expense has been spared. The beautiful and artistic half-tone engravings shown in the following pages give a general idea of the care that will be taken in the embellishment of each State book. Each volume will contain not less than thirty full-page, half-tone illustrations,

most of them original, showing its State building at the World's Fair, a bird's-eye view of the grounds, the twelve main buildings and many views of local interest. All of these will be in addition to the illustrations accompanying the exhibit department.

Already the historical copy for many of the States is in the hands of the printer and engraver, and the work of publication is being pushed vigorously.

The subject matter of these volumes is original, and has been prepared by the best talent obtainable in each State, and of which this book is a fair representative. Much credit is due to these authors for their original and interesting matter, which, as the years go by, will become of great educational worth, and a rich treasure in the storehouse of knowledge, worthy a place in every library and every home.

These books will become generally known throughout the world, thus affording to every one the opportunity of becoming acquainted from North to South and from East to West. The hand of friendship will be extended to our foreign neighbors, who are bringing to our shores such treasures from far-off lands as are necessary to complete the little world which our United States has seen fit to prepare on the banks of Lake Michigan. To them these volumes will show the progress of our country in its civilization, manufactures and education from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present time. Never before has such an opportunity for mutual acquaintance been afforded, and it is to be hoped that it will result in a better knowledge of the vast resources of our country and the wonderful advancement she has made since its discovery by Columbus, four hundred years ago.

Great care has been taken and much labor expended in preparing these volumes, and there is yet much to do to complete them for distribution at the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition. But the ground has been thoroughly surveyed and the work mapped out, and no delays will be



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LYMAN J. GAGE.

your coöperation in the circulation of these volumes. Some States have made appropriations for works of much less character; but experience teaches us that, with their coöperation, we can present a work that will reflect much greater credit to their State than their present action, with the facilities at their disposal, can make possible.

The progress of the age makes demands that in the past it would seem impossible could be realized. And while the work before us assumes herculean proportions, the literary work is already well in hand, and we shall be ready in time with such a series of works as shall be of great educational value to our Nation. America is becoming one of the greatest and most progressive countries in the world. Yet we are in an era of progress, and the eye cannot pierce, neither can imagination fathom, the height and depth of the meaning of the word "*progress*."

THE PUBLISHER.





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MRS. BERTHA HONORÉ PALMER,
PRESIDENT BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

❖❖❖ Preface. ❖❖❖



THE Empire State, with its ringing motto of “Excelsior,” is a figure of heroic size which is continually looming before the National eye. Is it a National election—how will New York go? Is one of her money kings upon his death bed—how will his death affect the stocks of the world? Is there an international monetary congress being held in Europe—what do the New York papers say about the proceedings of its delegates? New York is still the Giant of the States and one of the giants of the world.

The Empire State lies there on the shores of the great ocean and the Great Lakes, like a huge triangular wedge between the East and the West; or a triple-armed monster, folding into his strong embrace the wheat, flour and the cattle of the prairies, the coal of the South, the lumber of the North, and the manufactures of the New England States. The mighty hand which is thrust into the ocean, balancing upon one of its fingers that superb figure of Liberty, pushes its fleets to the European shores laden with riches of mine and soil, or wafts them to the tropics heavy with machines, cotton goods and products of the Temperate zone; the same hand proudly welcomes the argosies of the universe, swelling with the luxuries of the Old World to the east and with the necessities of the New World to the south.

There she lies, stretched across the great routes of transportation between manufacturing Europe and New England and the agricultural and mineral West, her arms spread boldly in whatever direction you approach, and her mouths eager to convey rushing streams of food to her mills and her markets, to her own tremendous digestive system. There she is, stretched prone across the Grand Highway, so mighty and watchful that nothing escapes her; the king himself cannot pass without paying her tribute. There is the Empire State with her vast circulating system—the canals, the railroads, the arteries which run through the valleys of the Mohawk, the Hudson, and other courses made by Nature—with a fine and complicated network of connecting lines which serve to swell the torrents already pouring along the main channels.

How could this be otherwise than the Empire State—the State of vast proportions—with a southern hand which clasps the most gorgeous jewel in the crown of American cities; a northern, the regal glories of the Adirondacks, and a western, that Niagara which thunders throughout the universe! The mighty, romantic Hudson, with its great palisades of paving stones; its Catskills, rich both in limestone quarries and quaint Dutch legends; its granites, its marbles, its lowing herds and its purpling vineyards; it certainly does not seem too much to believe that all of England, Scotland, France and Holland are thrown together in the valley of the Hudson from the Adirondacks to Manhattan Island. Why, the Empire State is first in the product of her factories, first in the magnificence of her scenery, first in the outcome of her dairies, and second in the fruits of her vineyards! Add to this picture and to this grand record the rich scenery and the teeming life of the Mohawk Valley, the belt of soft, crystal gems beyond, and the peaceful, mellow life of Western New York, so rich in grain, fruit and berry, and you have the features of a land which is truly an empire of striking contrasts and harmonious beauties.

And yet if one descends to the lowlands of statistics he finds that all this magnificence, all this wealth, and all these beauties are so massed and condensed that, as compared with the other States, the territory of New York is not above the average. In short, fully three-fifths of the States either exceed or nearly equal the physical stature of the Empire State.

The foundation of New York's greatness rests upon the works accomplished by her sons and daughters—some of them native-born, others during long years of mature manhood and womanhood having contributed their strength to that fund of power which has ever done so much to guide the destinies of America. Think for how much of the mind and heart of the country stand such names as these: Irving and Cooper (the novelist); the Cary Sisters, those sweetest of singers; Jay, Hamilton and Clinton; Dix and Seward; Stewart, Astor, Vanderbilt and Gould; Bryant, Greeley, Bennett and Curtis; Cooper (the capitalist and philanthropist), Vassar and Beecher; Depew, Stedman, Edison, Cleveland and Whitney.

Such names as these, and many others which are upon the tongue of the country and the world, stand for American literature and the American nation; for the greatest breadth and the highest polish of the American citizen; for the grandeur of our educational system, our homage to woman, and the splendid range of our charities, as well as the vastness of our wealth. Representative Americans like these have made us forget, with the majesty of their achievements, such pitiable details as the area of the State, and have lifted it to the height of an Empire.

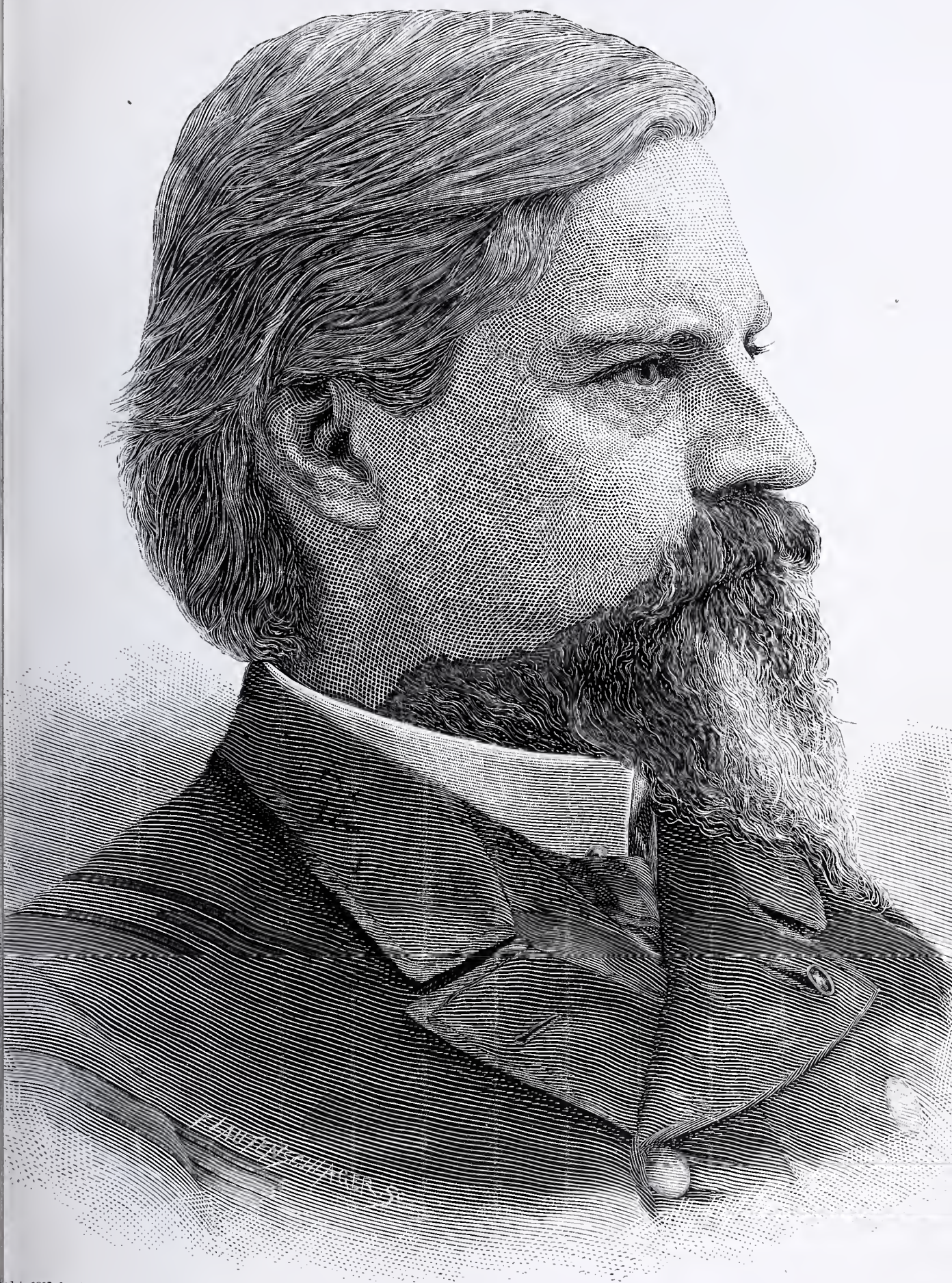
Therefore it is that an attempt is made in the following pages to introduce New York, little clouded by the dust of figures, but standing in the grand proportions given her by Nature and by man, mellowed by the golden mists of romance and tradition.

Having portrayed, according to the light given, this Empire of heroic proportions, another attempt will be made to picture

her as a contributor to the grandest Exposition of mind and matter which has ever been spread before the world. The part assumed by New York in the Columbian Exposition will be commensurate with the leadership which she has ever maintained in National and universal affairs. Her home upon the grounds is a building whose architecture pays a fit tribute to those old historic families which are at the basis of so much of her prosperity and of her quaint and picturesque history; while her wealth, in all the domains which have made America great, is scattered throughout the palaces and temples of the World's Wonderful City.

It is evident that it will be no small task to classify the bewildering array of exhibits contributed by the Empire State; but that task is to be completed not only for New York, but for all the States of the Union. In this way will be furnished a medium through which the Exposition may be clearly seen in its true light—that of the most powerful agency for the education of mankind which has ever appeared in the world. Such a series as has been inaugurated will perpetuate the virtue of the World's Columbian Exposition, and may be considered by future generations as one of its grandest results.





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GEORGE R. DAVIS, DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

PART I.

HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE.



N the year 1524, a little caravel, commanded by the intrepid Florentine, Verrazzano, sailing under the flag of France, passed the beetling cliff of Haversink, the grim sentinel that divided the smiling South from the bolder and more vigorous North.

Verrazzano, according to his own declaration, sailed into the peaceful arms of New York Bay, the first white visitor to those forest-bound shores. Yet not to France belongs the honor of settlement in the Empire State. Among the nations eager for possessions in the New World, the Dutch were by no means slow, notwithstanding their reputation for great deliberation. The explorations of the English, and their success in the Newfoundland fisheries had attracted the attention of the Dutch merchants, and aroused the spirit of rivalry.

The little republic, just freed by a struggle for liberty, and standing at the front of European civilization, could brook no rival in the mercantile world. In the spirit of freedom she had extended a welcome to the Pilgrims, and in the same spirit her people sought a fair heritage for the future in the New World.

The main motive for the Dutch merchants, however, was the founding of a new route to the spicy shores of Cathay. With this object in view, the Dutch East India Company sent Hendrick Hudson in the stout little vessel, the *Half Moon*.

“A short, square, brawny old gentleman was Sir Henry, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose which was supposed to have acquired its hue from the constant

neighborhood of his tobacco pipe." This intrepid sailor cruised along the coast of Maine, and prophetically supplied himself with a mast from the splendid pines along the shore. On the third of September, 1609, the *Half Moon* and its dauntless commander passed Haversink, and the storm-tossed little yacht was at rest within the protecting arms of Sandy Hook.

Then was there gained for humanity one of the three points of discovery and subsequent settlement in the New World — Plymouth Rock, Jamestown, the mouth of the Hudson. These were the three great beginnings of American history, and are they not to-day the best representative scions of American progress? They had found the cherished region "where the Hudson came rolling through the valleys as smoke from the land of the Iroquois."

Standing on the deck of the *Half Moon*, with the haze of Indian summer veiling the distant forests, the scent of their fires perfuming the air, and the soft breeze toying with the torn sails, Hudson was pleased with the prospect, declaring that "it was as goodly a land as the foot of man ever trod."

The natives came in their canoes, bringing corn and skins for traffic. They welcomed the white man, thinking that their Great Spirit had deigned to visit them. Poor, deluded people! How little they dreamed of the fateful consequences of that Indian summer day. Their game killed, their homes destroyed, their race extinguished by the relentless hand of advancing civilization; a civilization which, so disastrous to them, has given the world a priceless boon!

What a revelation to the progress of two centuries, could Hudson have seen with prophetic vision what the nineteenth century reveals in this beautiful bay:

The maritime wealth of the world; in the distance the spires of a thousand churches; the smoke from a million fires, which warm into activity the ceaseless wheels of progress; the span of that majestic structure which, seen from afar, hangs, gossamer-like, from shore to shore, but which defied with the

power of man's greatest achievement the mighty forces of Nature !

Sailing up the river, new beauties are revealed. The majestic palisades were crowned with goodly oaks and maples, aflame with autumnal tints.

The island of Manhattan, guarded by the stately sentinels of a forest primeval, lay on one side, while in the rear were the blue hills of Staten Island, cradled in the dimpling arms of the bay. Hudson sailed across the Tappan Zee, and when in sight of the Catskills — that dreamy, mystic region which has charmed, as with a Midas touch, the pen of our well-beloved Washington Irving — he decided that the route to India lay not in that direction. He was destined never again to behold the noble lands which he had discovered. On another voyage he was cast adrift upon the “waste of waters” which also bears his name, and “they became his tomb and monument forever.”

At the time of its discovery, New York was inhabited by a powerful race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Nations. It was a confederation of tribes, speaking a similar language, and remarkable for their intelligence and bravery. They conferred upon many of the rivers and lakes their musical names, and these only remain to mark the spots loved by these unfortunate members of one of the most remarkable confederations in savage history. They were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. In appearance they were tall and commanding; their speech was dignified and sonorous. War was the greatest object of their interest, and for this their children were rigidly trained. They were held in great respect by the weaker tribes. Unconquerable warriors, these Romans of America! They were the powerful opponents of civilization, for they fought with unremitting valor. Inch by inch were they driven from their ancient domains, and well-loved hunting grounds, and to-day a few scattered families on reservations are all that remain of these once proud sons of the soil.

Three or four years after the discovery, families of Dutch, whom religious persecutions had driven from their homes, settled

in the new country—the New Netherlands. Thus it was that liberty of thought was the motive for the settlement of two of the colonies of the New World; but, unlike her sister, that of Manhattan was never intolerant of any belief, all being free to worship God in their own way. Soon after another colony was founded at Albany, and now, notwithstanding the hardships incident to settlement in a new country, the colonies grew rapidly. The Dutch merchant, eager for the rich furs of the natives, treated them with fairness, never getting more than nine-tenths the best of the bargain. These Indians were friendly toward the Dutch, whose stanch spirits could not be quelled by circumstances, no matter how hard they might be.

On the southern part of the island they built Fort Amsterdam, and under the frowning walls nestled their quaint houses, fair counterparts of the ones left behind in Dutchland; queer-looking buildings, not architecturally beautiful, but built for solid comfort, were these pioneer homes. They were usually built of wood (some of the most pretentious of brick brought from Holland), with overhanging second stories, tall chimneys and wide, comfortable-looking windows and doors. In the ceilings were great rafters, while the fire-places were as generous as were the waists of these jolly burghers, whose devotion to the good things of life was only exceeded by a strong attachment to their pipes and the affairs of the infant colony.

On the mantel shelf were rows of brightly scoured pewter dishes, while near by was a rack hung with long pipes. The tiles in the mantel were marvels of art in their way. The floors were white, being daily scrubbed and sanded by the thrifty housewife, who, with her snowy cap, short petticoats displaying shapely ankles, and her rosy cheeks, was a wholesome sight.

Flowers from the fatherland bloomed in their gardens. A most inviting spot with its many colors and rich scents was one of these floral nooks.

One of the peculiarities of the Dutch Colonial affairs was the Patroon system—virtually a revised feudal system. A



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WILLIAM T. BAKER.

settler with sufficient means might purchase land of the Indians to the extent of sixteen square miles, and, placing himself at the head of a colony, he could exercise the same authority as that possessed by the feudal lord of Europe, although his estate was a dependency of Holland. On the banks of the Hudson were several of these estates, one of which, the great Van Rensselaer estate, is particularly famous; but since they did not admit of gathering into villages, and of the popular voice of the government, they become unpopular. Peter Minuit was the first Governor. He was succeeded in 1833 by Wouter Van Twiller, the second Dutch Governor of the New Netherlands. Of this wise Dutchman Irving says: "He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in breadth. He was a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below the perplexities of life." His chief occupation seems to have been the giving of a very occasional piece of civic advice, and exhaling from his long amber pipe such voluminous clouds of smoke, that his ample frame was most frequently seen through a haze. His reign was unclouded, save by the wreaths from his faithful pipe.

His successor, Wilhelm Keift, involved the colonists in a disastrous Indian War. Keift's policy of trade was one of greed. He bribed the Indians with rum, and while under its influence they made bargains of which they angrily repented while sober. Taking as an excuse the fact that they were getting too troublesome, Keift massacred a large number of the Algonquins, who had huddled together to escape the Mohawks with whom they were at war—a piece of treachery never forgotten by the savages. While trying afterward to establish a treaty with them, the Dutch envoys and the sachems of the tribes met at Rockaway. An aged chief stated the grievance which had impelled his people to war. Holding in his hand a bundle of sticks, he laid one of them down, saying: "When you first arrived on these shores, you were destitute and we gave you corn and meat; now you kill our people. We

took care of the traders whom your ships left among us, and gave them our daughters for wives. Among those whom you have killed were your own children." He laid down another stick, each one representing a deep grievance. An exchange of presents ensued, but nothing could reconcile the savages. From that time forth Indian troubles were frequent and disastrous.

Keift's unpopular reign in the gubernatorial office was succeeded by that of Peter Stuyvesant, the stanch old hero who makes such a picture upon the chaotic canvas of colonial history. "Hardkopping Piet" (Peter the Headstrong), he was familiarly called; from which one is led to suppose that he had a will of his own, a fact which he immediately demonstrated upon assuming the reins of government, on a stormy day of the year 1647. Threatened upon the north by the English, who cast a jealous eye upon the good commercial advantages of the Dutch; and upon the south by the Swedes, who were advancing upon Dutch territory along the Delaware, the doughty old Governor had need of all warlike skill. The Swedes were routed along the Delaware, but the Indians continued to harass the settlers along the Hudson.

Aside from external troubles, the little colony began to grow discontented with the government, which did not admit of the freedom enjoyed by the English Colony.

Stuyvesant tried to quell this spirit of discontent in vain. At length the English and Dutch claims were arbitrarily settled by England's ignoring Holland, and sending a squadron, under command of Captain Nicolls, to seize New Amsterdam. On the twenty-fourth of August, 1664, the fleet passed the Narrows, and almost before the worthy Dutch citizens could recover their surprise the English were demanding the surrender of the city. Stout-hearted Peter Stuyvesant stumped about on his wooden leg in his apartment of state, whither the ambassadors had come. "Just at this ill-chosen juncture the officious burgo-masters, having heard of the arrival of the dispatches, came



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MINNESOTA STATE BUILDING.

WYOMING STATE BUILDING.

marching in a resolute body into the room. This was too much for the spleen of the choleric Peter. He tore the letter into a thousand pieces, threw it into the face of the nearest burgo-master, broke his pipe over the head of the next, hurled his spit-box at the unlucky schlepen, and finally prorogued the whole meeting by kicking them down-stairs with his wooden leg." Brave old Governor! One man against a whole community, and a nation beyond! At first he refused to sign the articles of surrender. "Thrice did he essay to sign the obnoxious paper. He declared that he'd sooner die than yield to any power under heaven." But he was conquered.

From that time forth English manners and customs crept in and gradually changed the atmosphere of that most delightfully unique bit of our history, the Dutch regime. But even at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the manners and customs of Holland were preserved in the colonies. Along the Hudson the Dutch farmers were undisturbed by new ideas, and it is from this richly picturesque source that Irving derived the inspiration for his most charming literary bits in the Sketch Book. Who has not sympathized with the bewildered Rip Van Winkle? Who does not smile at the fate of the unhappy Ichabod Crane, who, presuming to bask in the smiles of the pretty Katrina Van Tassel, becomes the victim of her adorer's displeasure?

The fertility of the soil attracted many settlers from New England. Along the Hudson and the Mohawk colonization began to march slowly at first, for there were many obstacles in the way of rapid progress.

While the Dutch and English were settling matters in their own way in the south, the French, whose settlements in Arcadia were growing rapidly, began to encroach upon the northern border.

Champlain had discovered the lake which now bears his name, but was repeatedly driven back by those indomitable warriors, the Iroquois, who hated the French heartily because

they were hunters trespassing upon their grounds, and uniting with their common foe, the Indians of the North, against them. For years the depredations of the French and Indians were felt in the colonies, and the English, at war with France across the water, thought these outrages sufficient cause for war. Schenectady was surprised, one winter's night, by a French and Indian mob. The settlers were massacred, many were carried into captivity, and a few escaped over the frozen ground to Albany. The colonists of New York and Massachusetts undertook to put a stop to these difficulties by a conquest of Canada; but not until 1763, when the possessions of France were ceded to England, was the difficulty settled. During these troublesome years the Six Nations were willing allies of the English. To them is due the fact that the French possessions extended to the lakes and not beyond. Their valor decided the present boundary of the State.

New York was the war-ridden region of that most disastrous period. The great natural depression in which lie Lakes George and Champlain, and through which extend the valleys of the Mohawk and Hudson, was the natural route from the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic, and along this route the bloodiest warfare raged.

Guarding the frontier was Fort Ticonderoga, a much-desired point of vantage for the French. In this war the New England colonies united with their neighbors against the common foe. To this union may be traced the subsequent united efforts which led to independence.

New York's central position was an obstacle rather than an aid to growth. French and Indian troubles prevented westward settlement, and a prominent commercial position made it the most rigidly ruled of all the colonies. The little Dutch colony at New Amsterdam, or New York as it was called, when the territory was given to the Duke of York in 1664, did not at once realize the dream of liberty and popular representation.

Nicolls became the first English Governor. He was followed by Andros, Leisler and Sloughter, under whose sway the



A. W. Benson.

colonists were unjustly taxed and tyrannically ruled. Many of the Dutch estates were seized by the Government. They were constantly in hot water with the Governors, and sought in vain to obtain the freedom enjoyed by the New England Colony. The thirst for liberty made the realization of it sweeter, and, no doubt, hastened the first declaration of independence and the Revolutionary War.

New York's share in the honors gained by that great uprising of the popular voice is one worthy of the Empire State. At the beginning of the strife, a copy of the "Stamp Act" was carried through the streets with a death's hand nailed to it, on which was inscribed the words "Folly of England and Ruin of America."

This colony adopted the same resolution as that adopted by the other colonies—that they would not be bound to any law imposing taxes, and that they would not yield obedience to the obnoxious demands. They burned the stamped paper which had been sent from England; pulled down the equestrian statue of George III. in Bowling Green, and melted the lead into bullets. Indignation against the loyalists was manifested by many acts of indignity, and many fled to Canada and England. In 1765 delegates from the nine colonies met in New York and prepared a Declaration of Rights, with remonstrances to the King and Parliament.

When at Lexington was fired that "shot heard round the world," the patriots of this State hastened from all points, eager to shake off the yoke of Great Britain.

Along the natural depression in the eastern part of the State are many places of Revolutionary fame. Ticonderoga, of French and Indian renown, was a strong fortress, on which Great Britain had spent eight thousand pounds. It was captured in the early part of the war by Ethan Allen, who demanded its surrender "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." On Lake George were Fort Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry; on Lake Champlain, Crown

Point. On the Hudson River were Fort Edward, Bemis Heights, West Point, Stony Point, Fort Clinton, Fort Lee and Fort Washington.

The object of the British was to capture the Hudson, and thus completely cut off New England. Could this have been done, Freedom might yet have been gazing from azure heights, far removed from the State which honors her name.

On July 4, 1776, occurred that most notable event in our history, the signing of the Declaration of Independence. On the twelfth of July Howe's fleet appeared in New York harbor. In August occurred the disastrous battle of Long Island, which left the island in British possession and filled the hearts of the Americans with despair.

There was one great soul, firm in the conviction of right, Washington, whose courage was like a beacon light to the disheartened soldiers. With Howe in possession of New York City, with a poor equipment for war, and with raw troops against an army of well-trained soldiers, this greatest of American heroes marched calmly in the face of frowning devastation.

In 1777, a large force of British under Burgoyne started from the St. Lawrence with the intention of meeting Clinton in his northward march from New York. Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point and advanced as far as Saratoga. Here he was cut off from supplies and forced to surrender, October 16, 1777. At this time the British had captured the forts at the mouth of the Hudson, Fort Edward and West Point being still in the possession of the Continental troops. The storming and capture of Stony Point was a brilliant success for the Americans.

In the same year, New York adopted the first Constitution and elected as her first Governor, General George Clinton.

The next year, along the banks of the Hudson, occurred that darkest blot in the history of the war — Arnold's treason. Benedict Arnold, whose services hitherto had been those of a brave soldier, Judas-like, tried to sell his country to the British



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IOWA STATE BUILDING.

for the sum of £6,315. While commanding West Point, one of the most important points under America's control, he dispatched some letters and plans of the fort to British officers by Major André, who, with the papers in his boots, was captured, and hung as a spy.

Arnold escaped to England, but his name will always be a mark of scorn for generations yet unborn. The capture of André ended the British attempt to control the Hudson.

In the same year, 1778, the British incited the Mohawks against the settlers. The inhabitants of Cherry Valley were cruelly murdered and their homes burned. These cruelties were avenged so thoroughly that a final blow was given to the Six Nations. Their towns, orchards and corn-fields were destroyed. At that time they had reached the height of their civilization, living in well-built houses and having cultivated lands.

The Revolutionary War was ended in the year 1783. The evacuation of New York by the British is one of the memorable events in its history, an event followed by great rejoicing and a general jubilee.

New York had suffered greatly in the war, and had acted throughout its extent of territory in a generous and self-sacrificing manner. Commerce, so long restricted, began to grow. War had revealed many choice places in the wilderness, and land grants to soldiers induced many to settle farther west. At this time began New York's career as a State. It was no longer a struggling colony.

Albany, so long a plodding Dutch town, but destined to grow into a thrifty and promising city, became the seat of Government.

The line of settlement continued along the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, and along the northern border. Then there were represented the home-seeking people of four nations, Dutch, English, German and French. Now every nation under the blue sends its quota of immigrants to this most cosmopolitan of States.

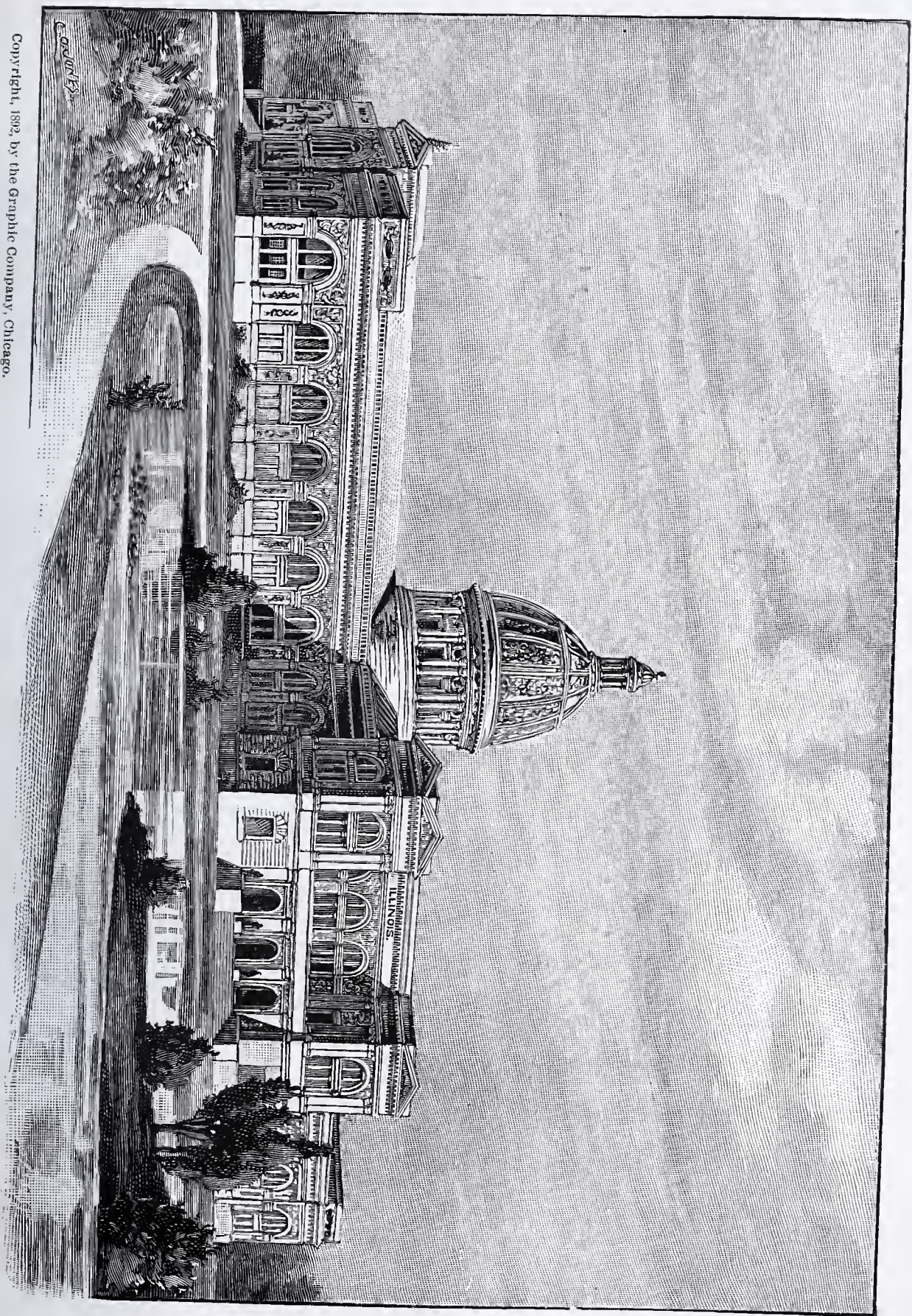
At the close of the Revolution New York had a population of 164,000. Her people were preëminently an agricultural and commercial people. Outside of the cities of Albany and New York there were straggling villages here and there along the turnpike roads. In many places along the Hudson were the more pretentious houses, complete in themselves, in the possession of individuals skilled in all branches of handiwork. They plowed and sowed the land, raised poultry, made their butter and cheese, cobbled the shoes of the household, wove yarn and flax into substantial texture, from which they made their garments and household supplies. They dipped their own candles and wove and laid their own carpets. To this ceaseless industry and manual training is, no doubt, due the inventive genius, so fertile a possession, of the descendants of those brave hearts of yore.

In Revolutionary times New York City had a population of about 20,000. City Hall Park was then on the extreme north, and the wharves were mostly on the East River front. The upper part of Wall Street was the fashionable quarter. Indeed, the city could boast of considerable fashion and culture. There were many fine residences, notably the Walton house, in what is now Franklin Square. Dotted over the island were the estates of the De Lanceys, Stuyvesants, Morrisises and Livingstons, from which families have descended some of the men of New York whose genius has enriched humanity.

But in spite of stately elegance of manner and dress, they lived in primitive times, and their luxuries were our every-day necessities. Looking forward from their standpoint, the nineteenth century is to bring marvelous changes into the every-day life of the people.

Traveling is as yet in a crude state ; the lumbering stage-coach or the saddle-horse affording but little comfort to the individual who would "go on a pilgrimage."

The advent of the railroad is fifty years ahead. Thirty years must elapse before Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, will



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THE ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

run between New York and Albany, and forty-three years before the Savannah will cross the ocean, gaining the laurels belonging to the first transatlantic steamship. For nearly fifty years the people will strike flint and steel, ere matches will be used. It will be thirty years before the cheerful glow of coal will be enjoyed.

It will be forty-four years before the first telegraphic message will startle a nation into asking, "What hath God wrought?" and announce the first public message concerning James K. Polk's nomination for President.

It will be sixty-six years ere the first submarine cable, under Cyrus W. Field's financial management, will send a thought from continent to continent.

It will be eighty years before the complicated revolving press, invented by Richard Hoe, also of our own proud State, will be used, not only in our own country, but in London. It will be eighty-five years, also, before the streets will be illuminated by the beautiful and brilliant arc lights, and millions of silvery moons shall banish the shades of night.

Standing on the threshold of the nineteenth century, a golden dawn of progress is revealed to us, looking backward through the busy years.

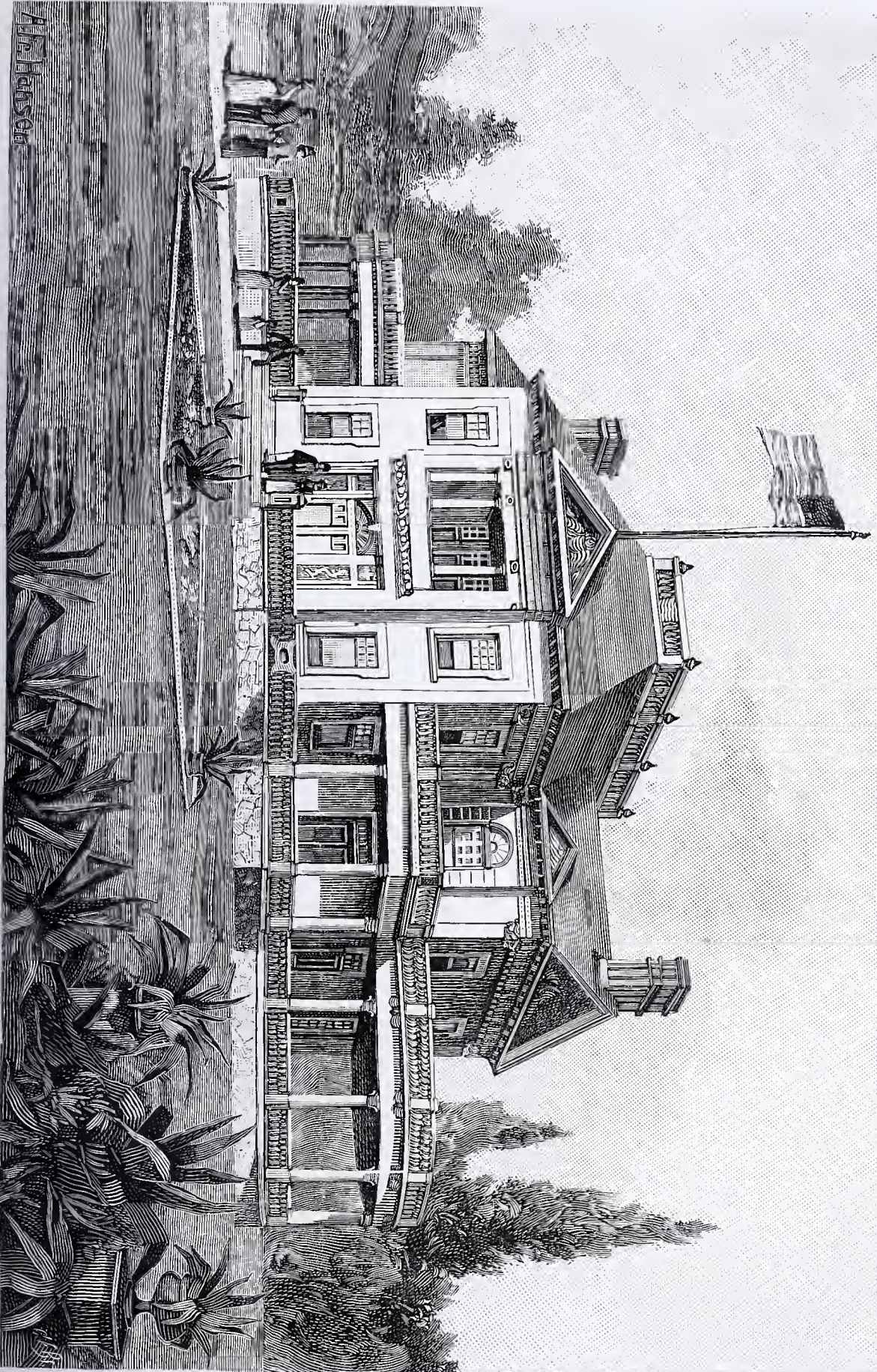
Eleven years previous to the advent of this century of progress, Washington was inaugurated at Federal Hall, in Wall Street. This auspicious event has been described thus: "They received the President in the most respectful manner, and the Vice-President, John Adams, conducted him to a spacious and elevated seat at the head of the room. A solemn silence prevailed. The Vice-President soon arose and informed the President that all things were prepared to administer the oath. He immediately descended from his seat and advanced to the balcony. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston, and at the same moment the Chancellor proclaimed him President of the United States the air was rent by shouts and huzzas: 'God bless our Washington.'"

Alexander Hamilton was made Secretary of State. He had enjoyed Washington's friendship from the time when a young man of twenty. He had planned Forts Lee and Washington so admirably as to call the chief's attention to himself. To his genius as a statesman is due the happy ending of difficulties between the two parties which sprung up when the Constitution of the United States was presented for ratification by the several States. The Federalists were in favor of the Constitution; the Anti-Federalists were against it. Anti-Federal opinion was so strong in New York that it refused to ratify until great indignation was aroused in the States which had signed. At this critical period the *Federalist* was written. It is considered "the greatest, the most dignified and profound treatise on government ever written." It defends and explains the Constitution, and is the work of a triumvirate of great minds—Jay, Madison and Hamilton having contributed; but Hamilton's share was the greatest. These articles, written at the white-heat of thought and earnest effort, kindled the patriotic enthusiasm of the greatest, and stimulated the mind of a whole people.

Finally, a lion among the Anti-Federalists, Melancthon Smith, was won over to the Federal side by Hamilton's matchless oratory, and New York ratified the Constitution in July, 1788.

The prosperity of the State was again checked, and its commerce was destined to suffer severely by the second war with England in 1812. The people along the Canadian border were made uncomfortable by frequent invasions. Buffalo was burned, and New York was again subjected to the retarding influences of war. She generously and nobly contributed to the war, and in the last great struggle, the Civil War, New York's quota of brave officers and soldiers have won for the Empire State enough laurels to encircle her generous boundaries.

From mountain-framed and far-renowned West Point went forth into that fearful human tempest the Hectors and Achilles of both North and South.



Among the former were Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas and Hooker ; among the latter, Robert E. Lee, Jackson and Johnson. Among these generals in gray is one who found an honored resting-place in Troy, whither he was borne with martial rites.

Soon after these heroes had retired from the scenes of war's triumph, New York City and State, in consequence of her near relation to the pride of her heart, received a blot on her fair name which time has not yet erased. Her political and financial horizon was clouded by an approaching storm, which had been brewing for some time.

The Tammany Society, one of the strongest political organizations in the country, had for some years controlled the political sky, making it cloudy or clear at pleasure. It finally occurred that one Tweed did so skillfully manipulate certain members of the society, controlling them by the pliant wires of well-filled purses, that they were finally induced to revolve around his august person, doing whatever he dictated, and dipping their hands anon into public moneys with great avidity. Until the whole chromatic scale of fraud had been exposed did these worthies continue their Mephistophelian schemes. When at last the leader was accused, he calmly asked, " Well, what are you going to do about it ? "

Tweed was imprisoned, while his compeers sought the salubrious climates and restful shores of Europe. 'Tis an unsavory morsel to chronicle with so much that is fair and inviting in the annals of the State. Prosperity is often produced from the fungi of disaster, and though the past fifty years have seen strong and permanent epochs of prosperity, there have been crises which have tried men's souls.

Such a crisis occurred in 1819, as a result of the second war with Great Britain. Commerce had been crippled and well-nigh ruined. Home manufactures were deluged by the cheaper supplies from Europe, ere the system of protection for home industries had been adopted.

In 1837, again in 1857, and yet again in 1873, financial panics were rife through the country, the disastrous results of which New York fully shared. Wall Street was first to feel the panic of 1837. There were hundreds of failures in one day. In 1873 the wheels of progress were again clogged by rash speculations and the unfortunate process by which the few prosper at the expense of the multitude. This was the year when great railroad schemes were numerous and at the time disastrous.

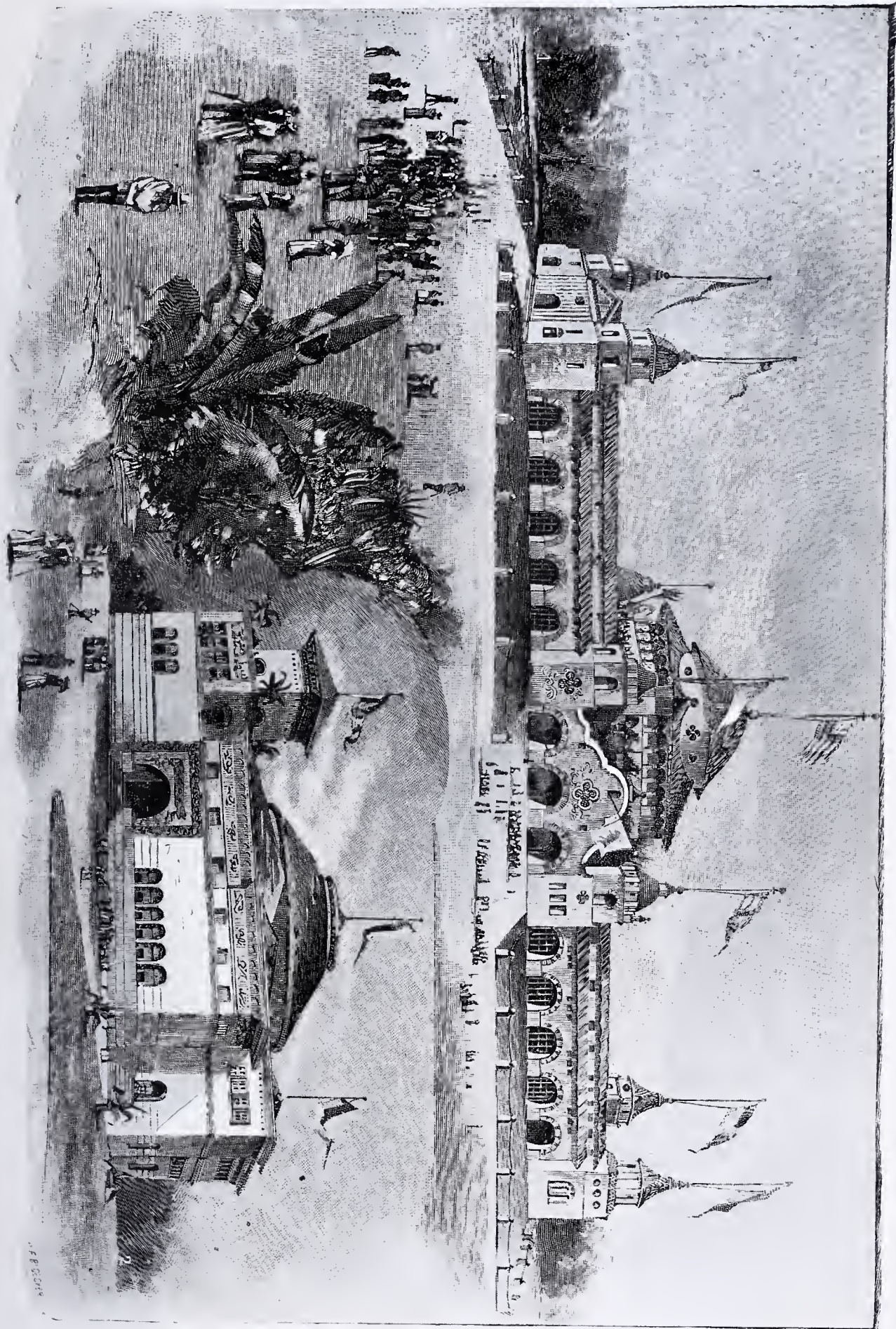
One of the most important commercial undertakings was the digging of the Erie Canal, through the valley of the Mohawk, across the State, from Albany, on the Hudson, to Buffalo, on Lake Erie; thus establishing a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. This was accomplished in 1825, after eight years of work.

The growth of the State during the past fifty years has been remarkable. Fine commercial advantages, abundant waterways and a people naturally energetic and progressive, have gained for New York an enviable position, and it enjoys a large portion of the Nation's trade.

Agriculture has been stimulated by numerous inventions; and a rich soil, undulating surface, admitting of excellent drainage, abundant rain and a pleasing climate, have given to the State a place of great agricultural importance.

In manufacturing, it is unquestionably the first State in the Union. Hundreds of clear streams flow toward the broad, fair valleys, turning in their headlong flight the busy wheels of industry and forming in their calmer moments broad waterways for the transportation of the articles which have been manufactured through their agency.

The industries of the State are so numerous that even a modest repetition of statistics would fail to do honor to the wealth of her work-day world. It might be interesting to know how many bushels of wheat, rye and oats are garnered from her golden fields; how many acres of corn and orchards of luscious



fruits she claims as her share of Autumn's harvests ; what boundless supplies of iron, salt and petroleum are hidden by the majestic slopes of her sun-kissed hills ; what goodly structures are built from her Adirondack granites, and from her sandstones, brown, red and white—the bequests of Old Ocean to the future generations. It might be pleasant to enumerate in exact figures her wealth in these various productions, in many of which she surpasses those of her sister States ; but the fact that she is the Empire State explains all.

New York takes an honored place in the onward march of human progress, which, recounted after the tread and bustle of hurrying footsteps have died away, receives a well-chosen title—History. She realizes the broadest definition of the term. She is affording the means by which humanity may progress towards the highest of its aims—Freedom.

At the time when great political questions called forth the eloquence of our time-honored orators, the following elegant tribute was paid to his native State by Gouverneur Morris :

“ It is probable that if the Western Hemisphere had been known to antiquity, those immortal bards who crowned their thundering Jove on a peak of Mt. Olympus would have reared to commerce a golden throne on the rock of Manhattan. They might have pictured her as receiving in a vast range of magazines the willing tributes of mankind, as fostering industry in the remotest regions, scattering on barren shores that plenty which Nature had denied ; dispensing to millions the multiplied means of enjoyment, and pouring the flood tide of wealth in this, her favored land.”

Truly the Empire State is at the head of commercial enterprise. Two majestic lakes, on whose bosoms rest the ships of all nations, guard the northern border, while the southern is touched by the tides of the Atlantic.

What State can boast more thankfully of Nature's rich bequests ? What country can vie with her in the beauty and fertility of her valleys, and in the majesty of her mountain

scenery? None. She is peerless, the most brilliant star in the galaxy of commonwealths. Rich in the possession of all these resources, her cities have grown and multiplied. Not only does she possess the Nation's metropolis, but the literary, scientific and artistic center of the land.

New York has one of the finest commercial positions in the world. It is situated on an island fourteen miles long and two and one-half miles wide. On the west flows the noble Hudson; on the east is a goodly channel, the East River, and on the south is the beautiful Bay of New York, guarded by the Statue of Liberty. These well-protected waterways and a long line of wharves afford facilities for an immense amount of commerce.

Approaching the city on a summer's morning, a delightful view of this fair haven may be had. Noble steamships are passing to and fro, while hundreds of smaller craft add to the picturesqueness of the scene. In the distance, veiled by a blue haze which half conceals and half reveals, lies the stately city, a city of purple shadows from an artistic standpoint, but in reality bustling and rushing and roaring with "life's ceaseless toil and endeavor."

Cities of no small importance surround the great central gem, and borrow luster from her commercial importance, being connected by a system of ferries. The largest of these sister cities is Brooklyn, the "City of Churches."

Brooklyn is also joined to the larger city by the Brooklyn bridge, which is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill of modern times. The bridge is the joint property of both cities, having cost the sum of \$15,000,000. Its total length is 5,989 feet, its width 85 feet. Thirteen years of work are represented in this mass of metal and stone.

New York possesses many fine buildings of various styles of architecture. Many of them are remarkable for their interiors; such an one is the Equitable and Mutual Life Insurance building, with its beautiful mosaics in floors and walls. The Tribune building, the Pulitzer building (the home of the New York



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THE MAINE STATE BUILDING.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE BUILDING.

World), the Produce Exchange, and the City Hall are fine structures.

The homes of William and Cornelius Vanderbilt and the brown-stone fronts on Fifth Avenue are often quoted as being models of elegance.

Among New York's famous churches is St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its two magnificent towers and its exquisitely carved interior. It is of white marble, and is built in the Gothic style.

Trinity Church is a fine old Gothic structure of brown stone, with a lofty and graceful steeple. It is surrounded by an old-time church-yard, whose mossy marbles rest upon the sacred dust of many a hero and heroine. Here, too, sleeps Alexander Hamilton. The change from the life and bustle of the busiest of thoroughfares to these shadows is a ceaseless reminder of that change which shall calm all doubts and quiet all fears. It is near to one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world.

"Just where the Treasury's noble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,
Where Jew and Gentile most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations,
Where hour by hour the rate of gold
Outlives in ears of eager people
The quainter chime serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple."

Grace Church is a graceful little ivy-crowned church, with an atmosphere of old-time devotion sweeter than the perfumes of Araby, or the breath of the roses worn by its beautiful devotees. St. Paul's Chapel and St. John's are rare styles of colonial architecture, and are rich with the subtle gifts which time bestows upon sacred buildings.

The mercantile business of the city is immense, and a number of exchanges attest the importance of trade in stocks, bonds and various investment securities, beside grain, butter, provisions, etc.

Wall Street has gained a National reputation. A corner of this and Broad Street is said to be the most valuable real estate in the world; while the largest bank building is on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. The United States Trust Company holds the largest deposit in the United States — \$37,000,000.

In a little office on this truly historical street Irving wrote his inimitable Knickerbocker's History of New York.

The stately old Sub-Treasury building, with its dusky Corinthian columns, is one of the abiding places for Uncle Sam's unlimited wealth. Here may be seen the glint of gold and the sheen of silver; while the suggestive crackle of the newly-born dollar falls upon the ear in soft cadences, mingling with the dull roar of the street. Around this building in 1857 crowded the hungry, panic-stricken mob, clamoring in vain for the wealth which was guarded by the United States troops. During that troublesome period, John Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer, held his position with unequaled ability, and conducted himself nobly.

New York is famous for her educational institutions. The common schools include one hundred and five grammar schools, one hundred and seventeen primary, twenty-nine evening, forty-eight industrial schools, beside training schools and a training college for teachers, and the College of the City of New York.

It has a college of dentistry, a college of pharmacy, Bellevue Medical College and several institutions under the control of different denominations. The University of the City of New York and Columbia College, especially the latter, are classed among the leading institutions of the country. Columbia, or King's College, was established in 1753. It was originally a Church of England College, and while it bore that name Hamilton was one of its scholars. De Witt Clinton, one of the first men of his time, was also one of the first to enter Columbia College, when it was newly organized in 1787. Since then what a procession of able and brilliant men have marched forth into the world from these classic halls!

Some of the buildings of this college are good examples of an old-time architecture which holds its own in the face of more elegant and pretentious buildings, and by its comparative strength and simplicity is a pleasing contrast.

The parks of New York are well known and much admired; especially Central Park, the generous dimensions of which, in a city so densely crowded, is an eloquent proof of the kindly and philanthropic spirit on the part of the powers that be, and in behalf of the people of that great city. It contains 840 acres, and is situated in the heart of the city. It has beautiful little lakes, fine drives and winding walks, noble statues of historic characters, and best of all, perhaps, the splendid Metropolitan Museum of Art. This building, externally beautiful, contains some of the finest paintings in this country and the Cesnola collection of Cyprus antiquities. Just outside is the famous obelisk with its mystic story of ages past — Cleopatra's Needle.

Riverside Park contains the tomb of General Grant; and the Battery is the oldest resort and perhaps best beloved by the crowds who seek its shade and the cool breeze of the bay. Here, too, is the circular building known as Castle Garden, where erstwhile the arriving immigrants were landed, but where they now seek employment.

What myriads of immigrants enter this great cosmopolitan gate-way to the promised lands of the West! Year after year the mass of crude material is poured into the National crucible. Uncle Sam's duty is surely a difficult one. It is no easy matter to produce the ring of true American metal from such a mixture.

In 1783 the meager papers of the *Weekly Gazette* and the *New York Journal* scattered the crumbs of daily gossip throughout the town. To-day scores of smaller papers and the generous sheets of the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *Sun*, *World*, *Mail and Express* and the *Journal of Commerce* keep their readers well informed as to all happenings, great and small, throughout the length and breadth of the land. It can

justly be considered as the fountain-head of art, literature and science.

As an art center New York is rapidly advancing toward a recognized position. An Academy of Design, Cooper Union and Pratt Institute, together with studios of leading artists, render an art education in America possible.

Great art thou among the cities of the land, Manhattan, thou beautiful city of the Hudson, favorite of the Gods ! Long may thy marts resound with the busy hum of progress, and thy sacred halls guard the intellectual wealth of the people !

Across the river, on the west end of Long Island, where irregularities in the surface add to its picturesqueness, is the sister city, Brooklyn. This city is the fourth in population, and holds its own in commercial enterprise and in extensive manufactures. It contains the beautiful homes of many of New York's business men. The city has over three hundred churches, many private schools and academies, extensive manufacturing plants, and a long and important line of wharfage. Not far from the city is Greenwood Cemetery, the last resting-place of the wise and the good, the great and the humble of both cities. It is a beautiful City of the Dead, and contains among its memorials many masterpieces of the sculptor's art.

Albany is the State capital. It is a thriving commercial city, containing a population of 94,640, and is situated in one of the most fertile and picturesque portions of the State. Not only is its situation one of great beauty, but the union of the Erie and Champlain Canals with the Hudson, and its comparatively short distance from the ocean, have increased its commercial advantages, while several lines of railroad add to its importance. Albany is one of the oldest cities in the United States. It was settled in 1623, soon after the settlement of New Amsterdam. It was at first a trading-post to which the Indians brought their furs and exchanged them for gay trifles. Its name was changed from Fort Orange to Albany in 1664, when it was captured by the British, who named it after the



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MISSOURI STATE BUILDING.

Duke of York and Albany, to whom the New Netherlands had been given. It was at the time a quaint Dutch town, and had remained so until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Even at this time a perpetual atmosphere of Indian summer pervaded the little town, ere the resistless flood tide of commerce had swept from their anchorage the worthy Dutch burghers and their tile-roofed houses. In many of these dwelt good old Dutch families, who, with the same spirit as that which possessed the descendants of the Mayflower's passengers, vaunted "the claims of long descent."

There came a time when there was an exodus from New England, and the Yankee irrepressibles, with their inventions and ceaseless innovations, took the infant capital by storm. The narrow old streets grew wider, and the wise and generous windows grew narrower. The tall chimneys grew shorter, various gay signs swung merrily in the breeze, while the crest-fallen weathercock descended from the gables, which also disappeared. The spouts which discharged the water from the slanting roofs upon the heads of the passers-by, who received the benefits of a free shower-bath whenever it rained, were sawed off. The short and stout pedestrains, with their manifold accessories of nether clothes and their enormous brass and silver buckles, were elbowed and jostled by never-restful, tall, lank individuals from New England. A quaint little poem suggests the feeling of some of the worthy Dutch citizens :

"Ye Gods, and has it come to this, that we
 The city's proud and true nobility,
 Should waive our rights of birth and rank and place
 To satisfy this new, this upstart race?
 Let those who will be base, for interests bend,
 I scorn the trading use—the truckling friend.

 When, uprising from his seat with scornful look,
 Up-spoke Von Tromp—and spoke it like a book.

 "I view, my lords, with deep disgust, these jars,
 These petty jealousies and paper wars;
 Take, take the Yankees in, and end the fuss,
 Or be assured, my lords, they'll take in us."

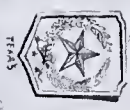
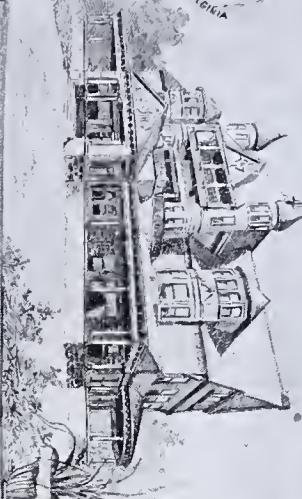
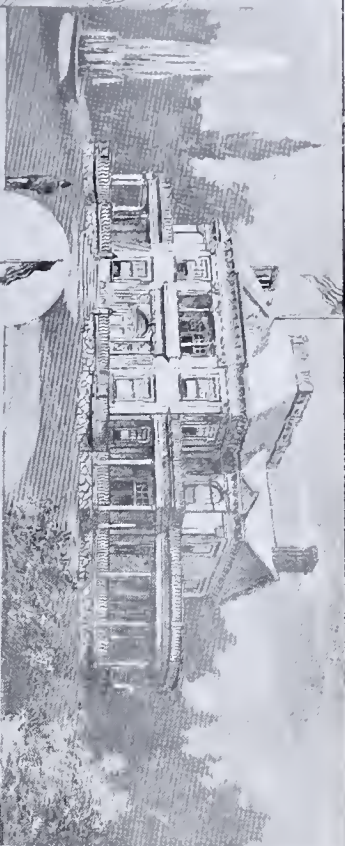
Evidently they were taken in, for from that time forth began the growth of the beautiful city of the present day.

Albany has many fine buildings, notably the State building, an elegant and costly structure, in beauty and style of architecture not excelled anywhere in the State. It has many churches, Episcopal and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, fine schools, and a large Normal School which is considered one of the best training schools for teachers in New York. Indeed, it has all of the institutions necessary to the welfare of a fine city.

At the other end of the Erie Canal is Buffalo, a city of 255,664 inhabitants, an important lake port and manufacturing center. This city was founded in 1801. Its name implies that herds of animals, now almost extinct, were wont to wander across that section, as it is the translation from the Indian term. In 1813 it became a military post guarded by the British. After the opening of the Erie Canal its growth was rapid. Its fine position at the head of Lake Erie, with water communication between East and West, and its good harbor, brought it rapidly to the front in commercial enterprises. It is an important railroad center. Its manufacturing interests are extensive, consisting of foundries, rolling mills and blast furnaces, flour mills and a variety of other important manufactures.

Among the fine buildings of the city are the United States Custom House, the State Arsenal, the City and County Hall, erected at a cost of \$2,000,000, and the Erie County Penitentiary.

A charming ride by rail, through some of the well-laden fruit orchards and fine farming lands of Western New York, brings the fortunate traveler to Niagara, far-famed Niagara. Here has grown on the brink of the great cataract a thriving little city — of hotels chiefly — but also of considerable note as a manufacturing center. Already American ingenuity has chained the great force, or at least a part of it, and extensive starch factories are found here. The celebrated Cantilever



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STATE BUILDINGS.—1. West Virginia. 2. Wisconsin. 3. Washington. 4. Rhode Island. 5. Texas. 6. Nebraska. 7. Massachusetts.

Bridge and a fine suspension bridge cross the Niagara River. But in spite of the utilitarian spirit of the age, which has marred its beauty, by erecting factories and unsightly buildings in the midst of this charmed spot, there is still enough natural beauty left unsullied to attract thousands of yearly visitors to the pretty city of Niagara.

Rochester is often alluded to as the Flower City, owing to the fact that the yards of its citizens vie with each other in an abundance of flowers and shrubbery, and the number of its greenhouses, the nursery business being quite a feature of the place.

Many of its wide streets are shaded with stately elms and maples. Indeed, it is fairly embowered with trees and shrubbery. It is situated in the midst of a rich agricultural region, and its proximity to Lake Ontario, numerous railroads and the Erie Canal facilitates its commerce. The Genesee River supplies abundant water-power for a large variety of industries. It has flour mills, breweries and furniture factories; and cigars and cigarettes, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing and hats are manufactured extensively.

It is noted for its fine schools, elegant churches, and for many charitable institutions. In addition to its excellent public and parochial schools, it has a fine university—the Rochester Theological (Baptist) University, established in 1850. The city has two libraries and a fine art gallery (Powers'). It contains 137,327 inhabitants.

Oswego, a beautiful city in the northern part of the State, claims an important place in the historical records. Champlain passed over the site in 1614. In 1727 the English erected Fort Oswego, in order to protect English territory from the French. Fort Ontario was built soon afterward. The French, under Montcalm, captured these forts the next year, but they again came into British possession, and were held until the Jay treaty settled the respective claims of England and France.

The Oswego River flows over the bluffs—the “Old Ridge Road”—of the lake, with a descent of fifty-one feet, giving the

city an excellent water-power, which is used for numerous manufacturing purposes. The Oswegians have made such good use of their natural advantages that their busy little city can boast of a greater range of manufactories than any city of its kind in the country. Its starch factories cover ten acres of ground, and produce yearly fifty-five tons of starch ; and yet the useful article does not enter into the social qualifications of the people, who are cheerful, thrifty and intellectual.

Oswego possesses a Normal School which is foremost in educational ideas, and is justly classed among the best institutions of the kind. Oswego has an important lake commerce. She is proud of her fine streets, handsome buildings and educational interests.

Throughout the entire State are scattered enterprising and rapidly growing cities. Many of them had their origin in the latter part of the last century, when large numbers of settlers from Pennsylvania came up the Susquehanna in flat boats, and settled in the fertile regions where a hundred years ago stood the log cabin of the first pioneer, and where now are the thrifty towns surrounded by smiling fields and richly burdened orchards. In the southwestern part of the State the petroleum interests and natural gas have quickened the pulses of many slow agricultural towns.

The central portion of the State is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. Here the towns gleam in the landscape, thick as stars in the milky way.

At the southern end of Cayuga Lake is the pretty little city of Ithaca, with a population of 11,000 people, nestled in the midst of a beautiful agricultural country, with good railroad communications, and possessing the modern improvements which render many small places desirable to a quiet, home-loving community. This little city is worthy a place among the annals of more important and larger cities. Here is located a young but important institution, Cornell University, with its educational advantages for men and women. It gives prominence to the study of agriculture and the mechanical arts.



THE WISCONSIN BUILDING.



LOG CABIN ON THE ISLAND.

Among the picturesque hills of the surrounding region are beautiful little waterfalls. New York has been called the State of Lakes, and it can truly be called the State of Waterfalls. Every delightful phase is represented—mountain brooks with tiny cascades, or larger streams which, leaping over precipices, form sheets of foaming water, with rainbow tints and rich color contrasts, or rushing rivers eager to find rest in the embrace of the ocean; all these are parts of Nature's rich bequests to the Empire State.

Southwest of Ithaca is a pretty railroad center and flourishing manufacturing town, Elmira, settled in 1790, and proud of having attained its hundredth anniversary. Almost directly east is Binghamton, settled a few years before Elmira, by one Bingham; this, also, is a thriving railroad center.

Syracuse deserves honorable mention because of her educational zeal. Her University of Syracuse, a Methodist institution, is one of great merit. It comprises a College of Liberal Arts, a College of Fine Arts and a College of Physicians and Surgeons. The city has fine buildings—the City Hall, United States Government Building and State Asylum for Idiots; handsome churches and many fine residences. At the completion of the Erie Canal it was a village of 300 inhabitants. It was greatly aided by the advent of so good a commercial highway. Then, too, it is situated on the shores of one of the pretty sheets of water, Onondaga Lake, for which New York is famous, and is in one of the leading salt-producing sections of the country. The springs yield yearly from 7,000,000 to 18,000,000 bushels of salt. The springs were known to the Six Nations from the earliest times. Over this region their camp-fires made a haze, veiling the forest-clad hills, while here their sachems met and discussed with true Indian dignity the rights of each tribe and the general welfare of the confederacy, or gravely commented upon the advance of the white man into their territories. It was here, no doubt, they declared vengeance upon the French, who had captured some of their bravest warriors and sent them to

France at the command of the voluptuary, Louis XIV., where their lives wore away in the slavish toil of the king's galleys.

Saratoga Springs is in the eastern part of New York, near a beautiful little lake of the same name, and has gained a National reputation, not because of great natural beauty, but because of the mineral springs, which have proven to be fountains of health, if not of perpetual youth, to the multitudes who yearly seek a summer haven here. No doubt it has been known to the Indians for centuries. Whole generations of royalty among the dusky sons of the forest drank and were refreshed ere the secret was revealed to the first white man, an Englishman, Sir William Johnson. Saratoga thus early gained the patronage of aristocracy, and has ever since been the resort of wealth and fashion. Its hotels are the most elegant and expensive, its equipages the most flashy, and among the surging crowd of its patrons flash more diamonds than the ordinary summer Mecca is wont to display. The cause of all this annual excitement are the harmless little springs which bubble forth from the embrace of mineral rock and reach the surface, where beneath the shadows of imposing pavilions they are imprisoned in numerous glasses of various dimensions and sold to the highest bidder. Unhappy the fate of these innocent and sparkling little springs, and yet they continue to bubble and sparkle and ripple as freely as they were wont to do over pebbles and moss-grown rocks in the shadowy days of long ago.

Saratoga Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, with a placid surface, and a calm and peaceful setting of pretty hills, dark forests and green fields. This, too, has an Indian legend. Its quiet and dreamy atmosphere was so much enjoyed by the Great Spirit that it was considered a crime to talk while floating across it, for fear of offending him. The Indians were always silent. One day an English woman was being rowed across by a band of Mohawks. In order to convince them that they were wrong she called aloud when in the middle of the lake. Upon reaching the shore, the chief exclaimed, "The Great Spirit is

merciful—he knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!”

It is impossible in a limited space to do justice to the many cities as thrifty and as commercially important as those already mentioned.

All honor to the spirit of the people who have thus in the beauty and thrift of their towns illustrated the strength of their State's motto, “Excelsior.”



PART II.

SCENERY AND LEGENDS OF NEW YORK. — THE ADIRONDACKS, THE CATSKILLS, THE HUDSON, WATKIN'S GLEN AND NIAGARA.



NEW YORK forms part of the eastern highlands and plateau region of the Appalachians. The surface is beautifully diversified with rivers and lakes, its fertile valleys and rolling hills and mountains teeming with mineral wealth and supplying a water-shed for the numerous rivers. The Creator has plentifully endowed this land for the six millions of souls destined to inhabit it. In the eastern part of the State are the highlands, a spur of the Blue Ridge, or Kittatinny Mountains of Pennsylvania; the Alleghany and the Adirondacks, an isolated mountain mass consisting of nearly parallel ranges, which extend from northeast to southwest, and from the valley of the Mohawk to Lake Champlain. From the high hill spurs of the Alleghanies, in the southeastern part and southern portion of the State, the land slopes gently toward the northwest, terminating in a broad terrace as it approaches Lake Ontario; but undulating and consisting of beautifully rounded hills in the central part.

Owing to the abundance of calcareous rock, which, eroded by swift-flowing streams, has supplied material for the fertile valleys, the soil is universally good. To this erosive process the Catskills owe their origin. They are all mountains in relief, having been left standing parts of a broad, high mass which extended across the country; they are vast walls of old,



THE MARYLAND BUILDING.



THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

red sandstone. Their summits are rounded rather than angular, as are the granite tops of the Adirondacks.

Nature has dealt kindly with the territory inclosed in the boundaries of the Empire State. Ages and ages ago she began her blissful mission, thrusting up, through horizontal strata of gneiss and schist, the earliest forms of rock, which burst through and left their more humble and more modern neighbors below, while they sought clearer heights; and thus were the cloud-topped Adirondacks formed in the dim ages long ago. This is what geologists say, and surely they know, for they have haunted this region, hammer in hand and glasses a-tilt on inquisitive noses, and they have wrested from passive Nature some of her well-kept secrets.

Let us stand with them on the top of this granite peak, which has thus usurped the place of overlying strata, burst through them and rears its head proudly above the surrounding peaks. This is Tahawus, the Cloud Splitter of the Indians. Beneath us, on every side, is a wilderness of unbroken forests. In the dim horizon, nestled among the blue hills, we can just distinguish a white village here and there, navigable waters which wind in and out, and, nearer, a locomotive crawling around the slope of a far-away mountain.

At our feet, and strewn the sides of the mountain for hundreds of feet down, are fragments of this frowning mountain top. They have been wrenched and torn from the main mass by the rain, frost and winds, which, for centuries, have made this a battle-ground.

Near to the Cloud Splitter, and almost as lofty, is White Face, with its white cone and abrupt slopes. Some years ago an avalanche swept down the mountain, and to this is, no doubt, due the clean side and summit from which it derives its name.

It is called the Gem of the Adirondacks. It is nearly a mile high, and from its white summit a splendid view of the surrounding country may be obtained. To the eastward is the broad,

placid bosom of Champlain, and, beyond, the slopes of the Green Mountains.

Multitudes of lakes flash like diamonds in the emerald setting of forest-clad mountain slopes. These lakes, the delight of the fisherman and inspiration to the artist, relieve the somber solitude and give life to the landscape.

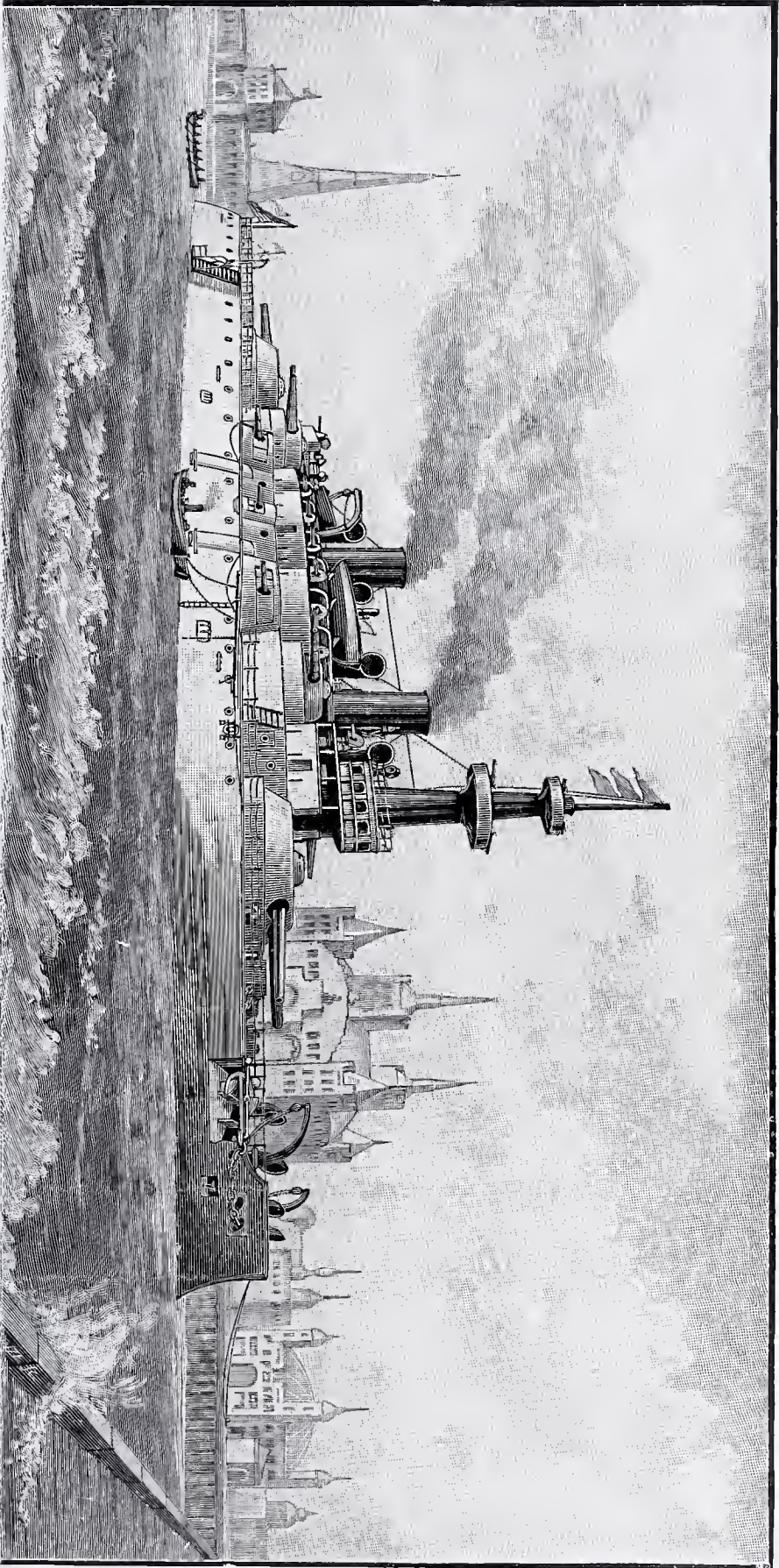
Toward the east is a cluster of peaks which vie with each other in height and angularity. While toward the west are the graceful outlines of hills, which, one beyond the other, now rise in majestic swells and now sink into shadowy valleys, like the billows of an ocean frozen into solidity at the command of the Creator.

What a feeling of insignificance takes possession of the individual! He is such an atom in the midst of this, the magnificent product of whole geological æons. He is conscious of a feeling of awe and an intense reverence for the power which, by means of frost, dews, rains, snows and winds, softened the angular granite into gracefully rounded tops and covered them with the living green of pine and hemlock. Down there, so far away that the giants of the forest are blended into an indistinguishable whole of blue green and, farther off, of purple shades, is an unbroken forest of 8,000 square miles.

There is the haunt of the deer, the bear and the smaller animals, secure in their solitude, though sometimes disturbed by the gun of the sportsman who dares to penetrate the forest primeval.

There, too, are laughing, dancing mountain torrents, doomed as they approach civilization to be despoiled of their speckled denizens.

The Adirondack regions abound in the wildest and most picturesque freaks of Nature. There are chasms and gorges with the necessary accompaniments of rocky walls, fern-and-moss-draped ledges. There are torrents which thunder down the mountain side, leap over rocky ledges, in fairy-like cascades or beautiful waterfalls, to go on their way in the valleys below in



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THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP EXHIBIT.

the shadowy depths and harmless ripple, lost at last in the Hudson or St. Lawrence.

The Au Sable is one of the most beautiful of these mountain streams. It has worn its way through the sandstone, forming a chasm many feet deep, and leaving fantastic columns here and there, mute memorials of its power.

Hundreds of summer pilgrims seek the solitude of this region every year. It is a fashionable resort, but it is far less conventional than the average summer Mecca. There is an atmosphere of freedom in the delicious air and an inspiration which ennobles in the varied scenery.

The chasms of the Adirondacks are fully understood by the scores of artists, many of whom are famous because of their translation upon canvas of the peaceful, the fitful and the wildest moods of Nature.

Adding greatly to the charm of mountain and stream are the beautiful little lakes, which, nestling at the foot of time-worn mountain peaks, are mirrors which faithfully reflect the moods of the hoary giants perpetually gazing therein. Two of these lakes—Lake Champlain and Lake George—are famous historically. They lie in the natural depression between the Adirondacks and the plains which slope up to the mountains. In Vermont, Lake George, with a most prosaic name, is a perfect gem in a beautiful setting. It is surrounded by hills 1,200 to 1,500 feet high, and their forest-clad slopes, with here and there a frowning cliff, are reflected with wonderfully beautiful effects. The French called it *La Sacrement*, because of its purity and beauty. The Indians, to whom it contributed a wealth of trout, pickerel, sturgeon and other fish, as it does to the rarely skilled angler of to-day, called it the Tail of the Lake. This beautiful sheet of water is thirty-four miles long and from one to four miles wide. Not the least of its charms are the many islands, covered with trees, some of them forming fantastic groupings. Upon one island the trees grow in such a manner as to give it the resemblance of a sloop; it is accord-

ingly called Sloop Island—a name altogether too realistic for so pretty a freak of Nature. Alas, the realism of American names is proverbial!

The sister lakes are connected by a narrow stream. Both are navigable, and a trip around them is a source of much pleasure to summer tourists.

On the shores of Lake Champlain is the picturesque ruin of Fort Ticonderoga. How fragrant with memories of the past are those moss-grown and crumbling bulwarks, the scene of many a treacherous deed and many an act of heroism!

“What though thy ruined walls, Old Ti, are desolate and bare,
And tall trees o’er thy ramparts woo the balmy air,
And cottages around thee smile, and fields of golden grain,
While peaceful barges skim thy tide, thou blue and bright Champlain.

“Thou art a link, old fort, to bind the past with things that are,
And should our ramparts peal again the stirring note of war,
Thou with the storied past wake the light of freedom’s fires,
And rouse in youthful bosom the valor of their sires.”

Ticonderoga, best-beloved of the few ruins which have been spared by ruthless hand of modern improvement, is enshrined in the heart of every true American. Time has robbed it of all warlike similitude. It stands:

“Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
O’er the solitary pasture where our sheep,
Half asleep,
Tinkling homeward through the twilight, stay and stop,
As they crop;
This the site of war’s destruction and despair,
Crumbling there.”

Switzerland has her Alps, Germany her Rhine, and America has the Hudson.

This noble river is one of the most important waterways in America. It rises among the Adirondacks and receives a large volume of water from the Mohawk, the outlet of the pretty interior lakes, and sweeps onward to the ocean, bearing upon its bosom the ships of all nations and the agricultural and mineral wealth of a considerable portion of the continent.



UNION STOCK YARDS

Dear as is the Rhine to the heart of every German so is the Hudson to the true American patriot. A wedding tour is incomplete without a trip up or down the Hudson. How many happy brides and complacent grooms have taken their first blissful journey on one of her fine steamers. No doubt most of them are too unconscious of aught but each other to note the beauty of the scenery.

As a perfectly rational state of mind is the best possible condition in which to enjoy the Hudson, one should indulge in uninterrupted moods, artistic, philosophical, pensive or calmly contemplative, as the case may be. Under one or the other of these moods we leave the unsavory docks of the smoky, busy, stately old city, and shortly afterward find ourselves under the surveillance of the great rocky walls which guard the river. They have been well named the Palisades, and are dumb but eloquent reminders of the ages required for the great river to force its way through mountain barriers to freedom and the sea.

They are crowned with trees, which in summer and autumn soften the hard outlines of the rocks and brighten the somber-colored tones. After awhile the Palisades disappear, low hills rise on either side of the river, crowned by pretty villages or handsome summer villas. The shores increase in beauty as the hills grow gradually higher, and the landscape becomes more varied and richer in color contrasts.

We enter an enchanted region, rich in legends, as the river broadens, and we glide into Tappan Zee, "where the Dutch navigators always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas ere they crossed it."

In the bosom of one of these spacious coves which indent the river is Tarrytown, "so-called," declares Irving, "because the husbands of the good Dutch housewives were wont to linger here on market days." Tarrytown is a quaint and quiet place, with an air of "*dolce far niente*" about it in strong contrast to its great neighbor at the river's mouth.

The little town has some fine old historical mansions, some very handsome modern ones, and a large number of the prosaic

type of residences which characterize our American towns. There is a background of rolling hills and a foreground of quiet water and flashing sails. It is, however, chiefly interesting because of its nearness to that charmed spot, Sleepy Hollow.

“Not far from the village is a little valley, or rather lap, among the hills, which is one of the most quiet places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distraction, and dream away the quiet remnant of a troubled life, I know of no more promising spot than this little valley.”

Irving has touched the whole region with the gold of his genius, and the air is redolent with the memories of him. If he was not the first to discover, he was the first to describe the beauties of his well-beloved Hudson. His last years were spent upon its banks, in a beautiful home known to the world as Sunnyside, where he dreamed away the closing years of his beautiful life.

Sunnyside is the Mecca of hundreds of pilgrims, who thus honor one of the greatest literary geniuses of America.

From the river, we can see a portion of Irving's home. Its walls are mantled with ivy, and its rooms are small but are haunted by memories of the pretty Katrina Van Tassel and of sturdy Dutch heroes, described in Wolfert's Roost. Indeed, the house is the veritable “roost” which, during the Revolutionary War, was owned by Jacob Van Tassel. Irving describes it as “a little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat.”

It overlooks the goodliest views of the mighty Hudson. Can anything exceed this description of the scene in the legend of Sleepy Hollow which greets the irresponsible vision of Ichabod Crane? “The wide bosom of Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. Amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move

them. The horizon was a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green and from that into the deep blue of mid-heaven. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down the tide, her sails hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection gleamed against the still water it seemed as if the vessel were suspended in air."

Farther up the Hudson is West Point, the goal of many youthful ambitions, the inspiration of scores of helpful and brave men, whose services to their country in times of great peril are chronicled among its choicest annals.

From West Point the aspirant to future honors in the military and political field catches enchanting glimpses of the Hudson as it winds in and out among the hills. Surely no small share of a cadet's education is included in this most perfect river view. Like the Grecian youth of old, his patriotism is inspired with the beauty of his native country, and like the true American he will sing with deeper meaning—

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

All around are relics of other days, the decaying symbols of a country's bravery. Are they not mute teachers to these, the future defendants of her honor?

Here is picturesque Newburgh, also rich in historical memories, as is the whole region around about. From the dear old town we catch a glimpse of the entrance to the highlands, and just below the town a broad expanse of sun-kissed water, Newburgh Bay.

The mountains grow more beautiful. They are a never-ending source of pleasure. Like the moods of a beautiful woman, they are constantly presenting new and delightful phases.

Under the noonday sun, they lie tranquil and warm. They return the frown of the storm cloud, and reëcho the deep

vibrations of the thunder, as if trying to excel it in volume. Bathed in the opalescent tints of the sunset, they are marvelously beautiful. "Sometimes it would seem that gigantic Titans had erstwhile waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vast masses of rock in wild confusion. But, insooth, very different is the history of these cloud-capped mountains. These, in ancient days, before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the Omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control.

"At length the conquering Hudson, in her irresistible career toward the ocean, burst open their prison house, rolling her tide triumphantly through its ruins."

Here is a bold promontory called Anthony's Nose. Anthony, it must be known, was the trumpeter who accompanied Peter Stuyvesant on his warlike expeditions. One morning the brave trumpeter was gazing into the water, admiring his burly visage, when the "illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams upon the ruby nose of the sounder of brass. It darted straightway down, hissing into the water, and killed a sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel." The sturgeon furnished a dainty breakfast, although it "smacked a little of brimstone." Peter Stuyvesant immediately immortalized the generous nose of Anthony Corleas by naming the promontory, in which he thought he saw a resemblance, Anthony's Nose.

There are the Catskills. Who does not know the name which artists and poets have endeared to us? This is the country upon which the delighted Hendrick Hudson gazed, and where he still keeps watch from the frowning cliffs of Over Look Mountain, with the crew of the *Half Moon*. "Even to this day the old inhabitants declare, when it thunders of an afternoon, that Hendrick and his crew are having a game of nine-pins." Whether the imagination of the good Hendrick, stimulated by goodly draughts of old Holland, enabled him to



DRAPY, NISSE, CHN.

ARC DE TRIOMPHE, CAROUSAL, PARIS

see the sleeping Indian of these mountains, is an open question. Modern voyagers, whether stimulated by draughts of modern Holland or not, can distinguish the monster very plainly, so they declare, and they hear from a fellow traveler perchance this legend :

The Iroquois were well beloved by the Great Spirit because of their great valor. But they began to grow faint-hearted, and the cause of their sudden change was the death of many of their tribe. An unseen enemy aimed at them his invisible arrows, and they died. At length the whole tribe assembled in the mountains, and cried with mournful voices, begging Manetho to slay their enemy, recounting to him their past bravery, their present need and their future excellence if he would but slay the destroyer. Manetho pitied his children. He came down in the form of a great eagle and fought for many days. Instead of killing the giant, however, he put him to sleep, promising his children that as long as they were obedient and brave their enemy would remain chained to the rocks, but should the warriors grow to be faint-hearted their tribe and their possessions should be utterly destroyed.

The beauty of the Catskills is of a milder and more dreamy nature than that of the Adirondacks. What a number of rich legends belong to this fair region. Here, in a quiet little mountain nook, Rip Van Winkle took his somewhat lengthy nap, and Natty Bumpo wandered through these wild ravines in search of bears and wolves. Cooper makes Leatherstocking exclaim: "I often go up into the mountains after bears and wolf skins. There is a place in them that I used to climb when I wanted to see the carrings-on in the world that would pay a man for 'broken shins.'" The place is where one of the ridges juts out a little from the rest, and a man standing on the edge of the precipice is fool enough to think that he can jump from the top to the bottom. What did he see? "Creation, all creation, lad." Irving writes beautifully of the changes which render the mountain views so delightful. "When the

weather is fine and settled they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines against the sky. Sometimes they gather a hood of vapor about their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun will glow and light up like a crown of glory."

Some of these peaks tower higher, and lord it over their humble neighbors. North and South Mountains are somewhat gloomy, but picturesque. Crow's Nest juts out into the Hudson and frowns upon the landscape round about. It is one of the stateliest peaks, of which Morris wrote, referring to the evening star, which rises behind the frowning cliffs of the mountain :

"Where Hudson's waves o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow's Nest, a true monarch, stands,
Crowned with a single star."

Across the river, in the pretty town of Underhill, is the pleasant home of George P. Morris, whose lovely wife is immortalized in Irving's sketch, "The Wife."

Among the ravines, pleasant roads and lovely nooks found in the Catskills, the clove, or ravine, of the Kaaterskill is prized for its beauty and for the pretty legends and romances connected with it.

Long before the foot of a white man touched these shores, the Iroquois chiefs, returning from a successful war, found a dimpled, blue-eyed baby under a tall tree. They accepted this gift from Manetho as an omen of future prosperity, and guarded her as the apple of their eye. When she grew to womanhood, the bravest of their chiefs was foolish enough to fall in love with the fair and slender squaw, and so unsatisfactory was this proceeding that whenever he did approach her to demonstrate his troubled state of mind she would glide from their midst and seek a haven in some of the mountain fastnesses, where he dared not follow, firmly believing that she had returned to the home of the Great Spirit.



LAKE SHORE, JACKSON PARK, LOOKING SOUTH

On one occasion, while keeping her lonely vigil on an almost inaccessible crag, she saw approaching a handsome Indian youth of noble mien, who spoke with soft tones and assured her of his friendship. The maiden was not loth to receive him, being lonely and having, like most of her sex, an eye for beauty. When he asked her to return with him as his bride, she hesitated after the usual fashion, and at last consented to travel through life with him, "in the sunshine and in the shadow," and they started at once on their journey. But chancing to glance back, as if reluctant to leave a well-beloved spot, she saw some dark forms gliding in and out among the trees. Alas, she saw the flash of an arrow and heard a moan from her Indian lover, who was below her in the ravine. She tried to reach him, but as she leaped from a high rock her form was changed to the sun-kissed water of Kaaterskill Falls. She can sometimes be seen, half veiled by rushing water, her arms extended as if to clasp the form of her lover; but it is only for a moment, just when the pines are gathering in their rugged arms the crimson-gold glory of the sunset.

Here and there are high, rough mountain roads, which wind along the mountain side and through the fern-scented ravines. One rocky path, from which a fine view is possible, has connected with it a tragedy of the most gruesome sort. It is the story of the beautiful quadroon who ran away from her master, and took refuge with an old negress living all alone in the mountains. The owner of the maid was so angry with her for thus emancipating herself that he tied her to a halter and dragged her down the mountain path. He lived in what was known as the Old Salesbury Home, and his wealth and influential position saved him from the fate he richly deserved. It is said that a halter which he was condemned to wear through the remainder of his life can yet be seen in one of the quaint old rooms of his old home.

It is said, moreover, that the old negress hid the gold that belonged to Captain Kidd by right of his piratical might, and

that it is beneath some of the rocks upon the mountains, which, though frequently interviewed, keep the secret well.

West of the Catskills the hills grow less imposing in height, sinking at length into gentle undulations. The rivers, with their numerous waterfalls and their pretty lakes in the Mohawk's basin, sustain New York's reputation for picturesqueness throughout its extent. On the southern end of Otsego Lake is Cooperstown, the home of J. Fenimore Cooper. His stories were inspired by the pioneer life with which he was surrounded, and in no small degree by the beauty of the country.

His were the first American novels to gain the honor of being translated into other languages and accepted by the cities of Europe; but it remained for Irving to gain from foreign lands a generous acknowledgment of American genius.

Not far from Seneca Lake, in the central part of the State, is Watkin's Glen. This charming freak of Nature has been formed by Watkin's Creek, which, filled with a sense of its importance, rushes impetuously through the embankments which it has left on either side. The rock in this section is of soft shale, which, by means of the combined action of rain and frost, has been worn into fantastic shapes.

There are cavern-like crevices, with sloping walls, showing just a bit of sky at the top; there are basin-like pools, into which the water falls with a musical gurgle; there are cathedral-like aisles winding in and out, and everywhere the rich green of mosses and ferns relieve the somber tones of the dark shale. There are hotels and a pretty little Swiss chalet, which is hardly in keeping with the surroundings. This glen is only one of a number, many of them very pretty, but none of them as pretentious as Watkin's.

Across the Niagara River, Canada and the Empire State exchange friendly glances. The Niagara River, one of the shortest but most magnificent rivers in the world, is really a part of the St. Lawrence, since the St. Lawrence basin



DEARBORN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM ADAMS STREET

includes the five great inland seas of fresh water. Niagara, with its never-ceasing thunder and whirling mists, pours its mighty flood, which has been gathered from a vast extent of our continent, a section greater than Europe in area, over an embankment of limestone rock 164 feet high on the American and 150 feet high on the Canadian side.

The name Niagara is an Indian bequest. It signifies "the Thunderer." Could anything be more appropriate? How fortunate that the task of naming many of our beautiful lakes was performed ere our forefathers touched their shores. We are repeatedly proving our incompetence in the art of nomenclature. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but Niagara by any other name would not be the Niagara of our National pride. The breadth of the river on the verge of the precipice is 4,750 feet. The cataract is divided by a little island, which, although apparently holding its own, is slowly giving way to the inevitable, and sight-seers of a future age will not stand on the brink and gaze into the vaporous depths below, as we can now do, standing on Goat Island. "Goat Island!" Where, alas, is the Indian name?

The earliest published description of Niagara is that made by Father Hennepin, who visited it in 1678. His map and description show that the falls have undergone many changes in two hundred years. Geologists say that, although the rate of recession is uncertain, the falls are receding toward Lake Erie. The banks of the river for some distance below the cataract are from 200 to 350 feet high. Between these frowning walls the river rushes for three miles, until a sudden turn causes the water to rush against the Canadian shore and back again in mad eddies. Thus the famous whirlpool rapids are formed. Here the river foams and lashes about like a monstrous green serpent. No doubt the Indian vested the river with superhuman powers, and that here were the Scylla and Charybdis of their mythology. Indeed, it is said that to appease the Great Spirit a yearly sacrifice was made. The most beautiful Indian maiden

was put into a white birch canoe and given to the Thunderer. Niagara is sublime. Artists have attempted in vain to portray it, and songs of many poets have failed to tell all that is to be told. Its sublimity can be felt, but words fail to express it. He who would translate Nature's beauty by word or pen is always baffled by the subtle elements which steal into his soul, filling it with an exquisite sense of completeness ; but when he seeks to describe her moods, she rises so infinitely above all symbols of excellence that he lays down his pen with a sigh at the thought of her boundless wealth and his own poverty of expression.





STATE STREET VIEW LOOKING NORTH

Knight & Leonard & Co. - CH

PART III.

WIT, WISDOM AND GENIUS OF THE EMPIRE STATE — LEADING
LEGISLATORS, JOURNALISTS, AUTHORS AND DIVINES.



NEW YORK has contributed a large number of the honored names of our country.

Her legislators and soldiers, her journalists and poets, her scientists and divines, constitute an army of noble men, whose genius has enriched humanity. The following names are well known in the political annals of the State :

Philip Schuyler was famous not less as a soldier than as a patriot and political leader. He was a man of wealth and influence, enjoyed the friendship of Washington and was well-beloved by his countrymen. During the terrible times of want and privation among the Revolutionary soldiers he used his own fortune to mitigate the distress as much as possible. In all that he did he was a true patriot, a noble and upright man, and he was one of the bravest generals in the Revolutionary War. He mourned for Washington as for a brother, and when, after a few years, his wife died, also his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a noble woman, and his son-in-law was killed in a duel by the hand of Aaron Burr, his cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing. He was born in Albany, November 11, 1773, and died November 4, 1804.

In the troublesome period following the Revolution was born much of the intellectual and political zeal which yet inspires the young President of the future as he reads the eloquently-phrased orations which fell like meteoric showers into the midst of that turbulent atmosphere.

It was about this time, when, if ever, the State needed men, that John Jay stepped from a brilliant career at Columbia College into the midst of this political controversy.

At the age of twenty-eight he became a delegate to the first Continental Congress. Three years later he became Chief Justice of the State. He was, in turn, Minister to Spain, Governor of his State and Chief Justice of the United States. In 1794 he made the great treaty with Great Britain known as Jay's treaty. He was a strong anti-slavery advocate and during his term of office as Governor slavery was abolished in New York. After a life of abundant political honors and successful public service, he died at Bedford, N. Y., May 17, 1829. His was a character rich in all that constitutes true greatness. Jay united with Madison and Alexander Hamilton in writing the *Federalist*, a series of brilliant essays, said to be the best commentary on the Constitution of the United States ever written.

Alexander Hamilton is often referred to as the great Federalist. For years he was the leader of that party. His was the greatest political genius in America. He stands next to Washington in the annals of great achievements.

As a financier, he originated the three great projects known as the "Assumption of State Debts, the Funding Act and the National Bank."

As an orator he was unsurpassed. He proved his power when, a mere lad of seventeen, he held the people of New York entranced by his youthful logic, as he urged them to unite with other colonies. His political career lasted through thirty years, the greatest and most critical period of the Nation's history. Sad that a career so noble, so brilliant, so fraught with great achievements, should end so disastrously. In securing Jefferson's election to the Presidency, Hamilton incurred the deadly hatred of Aaron Burr, who insolently challenged him to fight a duel. Hamilton shot into the air, but Burr's aim took deadly effect, and the life of one of America's greatest and noblest sons was sacrificed. This sad event took place at Weehawken. He died, July 12, 1804.



NORTH SIDE WATER WORKS AND TOWER

Aaron Burr furnished a sad example of a man destitute of high principles and actuated only by a desire for political position. To this desire he sacrificed everything — friendship, patriotism, happiness and honor. His just retribution was an unhappy ending, in 1836, of a life, which, with principle at the helm, might have been guided into the quiet and peaceful waters of deep public gratitude.

Other famous legislators were Nathan Sanford, George Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, De Witt Clinton, John Dix, William H. Seward, Preston King, Hamilton Fish, Roscoe Conkling and Reuben E. Fenton.

Governor DeWitt Clinton was prominent in securing the financial and educational success of the State. To him is due the successful completion of the Erie Canal. He filled with ability and honor the places assigned to him by the voice of the people. As Mayor of New York City, United States and State Senator and Governor, “no man saw more clearly and trod more carefully the path of public duty.” He sought not the vulgar popularity of office, but the best welfare of the State. To his wise guidance much of her success is due. He has been ranked as the greatest man of the day to which he belonged. His death at Albany, February 11, 1828, caused universal mourning. He departed from a useful career while fame still held her generous vigils, and ere decrepitude had stolen away any of his vitality.

Another noted Governor, whose devotion to justice has given to his name a prominent place, was General John A. Dix. This soldier, scholar and statesman was a native of New Hampshire, but to New York he devoted the best of his brilliant talents. He advanced the interest of education by raising the standard of excellence in the public schools. He was in turn United States Senator, Secretary of State, Minister to France and Secretary of the Treasury. To him is attributed the oft-quoted sentiment: “If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.”

William H. Seward is more widely known than most great men, at home and abroad. His name is linked with that of

Abraham Lincoln and is honored all over the world. He was born in Florida, Orange County, N. Y., May 16, 1801. After graduating with honors from Union College in 1820, he began the study of law in New York. He took an active part in the Anti-Mason difficulties, and as an Anti-Mason was sent to the State Senate at the age of twenty-nine, where he distinguished himself by advocating needed reforms and by his power of molding popular opinion. He was made Governor of New York at the age of thirty-seven. While holding this office he fearlessly advocated anti-slavery measures in the State Legislature. At the end of his wise administration he returned to the practice of law. In 1849 he succeeded General Dix in the United States Senate. His matchless oratory made him a peer in the silver-tongued quartet, the greatest men of the day, Webster, Clay and Everett. In one of his successful speeches he made the following expression, which has become historically famous: "The Constitution devotes the National domain to the Union, to justice, to defense, to welfare and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain and devotes it to public purposes."

As Secretary of State, to which office he was appointed by President Lincoln in 1861, his greatest and noblest work was done during the "Irrepressible Conflict." He shared with Abraham Lincoln the toil, care and heart agony, and also the honor, of helping to guide the ship of state through one of the most critical periods of history. On his tomb in Auburn is the following simple inscription, which tells the story of one of the noblest lives:

"HE WAS FAITHFUL."

The Presidential chair was filled by the following natives of the Empire State, but not a few Presidential elections have been decided by the politicians of this State, who have at all times shown strong party allegiance.

Martin Van Buren was born in the year 1782, at Kinderhook, N. Y. He began his political career at the age of



STATUES IN LINCOLN PARK, GRANT

eighteen, when he was sent as delegate to the Democratic convention. He filled a number of posts of honor in his State and in the highest offices of the Nation, being State Senator and Attorney-General of New York, and when a convention was called for the revision of the State Constitution he took an active part, and distinguished himself by advocating wise changes. After filling the office of United States senator, he was elected to the Governor's chair in his own State. He was Secretary of State during Jackson's administration, Vice-President in 1832 during Jackson's second term, and President in 1837. During his administration a great financial panic swept through the country. After some years spent in European travel, he died at his home in Kinderhook, at the age of seventy-four.

Millard Fillmore's boyhood was spent in Cayuga County, N. Y., when it was a sparsely-settled region. He had but few advantages, but, trained in the rough school of experience, he had a large share of stick-to-itiveness, and, when an almost penniless boy of sixteen years, he went to Buffalo. His abilities gained him friends, he was admitted to the bar and became a successful lawyer. In 1832, at the age of thirty-two, he was sent to Congress, and was reëlected at the end of his term. As President he won the respect of his Cabinet, and his messages contained much that was of value to the country. Daniel Webster was his Secretary of State. During his administration a new department was set up and the first Secretary of the Interior was appointed. During this administration also occurred the famous Gadsden purchase, by means of which the United States, for the sum of \$10,000,000, obtained a large tract of land south of the Gila River.

Mr. Fillmore was renominated, but, owing to the unpopularity of the Fugitive Slave Law, which he had signed, he lost the electoral votes of the Northern States. He died in 1874, at his home in Buffalo.

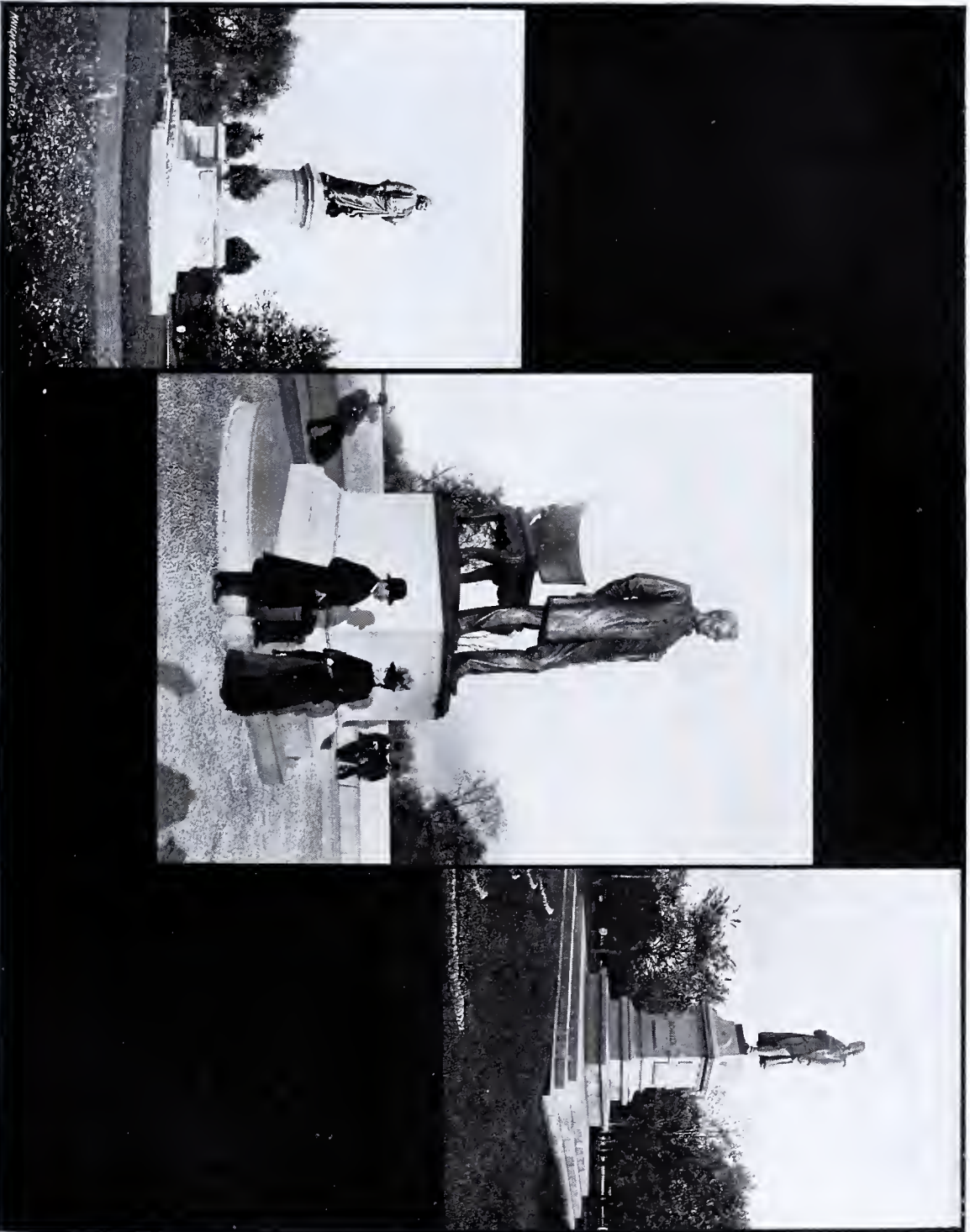
Chester Allan Arthur was a native of the Green Mountain State, but his college years were spent in Schenectady, at Union

College. He won the highest honors and met part of his expenses by teaching. He studied law for some time while filling the position as principal of an academy in Vermont. He was admitted to the bar in New York City, became prominent in city politics, and filled several prominent offices previous to his election to the Vice-Presidency in 1880. At the death of James Abram Garfield, a few months after he assumed his Presidential duties, Mr. Arthur succeeded to the Presidency. His name was presented at the Republican convention in 1886, but he did not secure a nomination. He died in New York, November 18, 1886.

Grover Cleveland was born in Caldwell, N. J. His first duty as a public official was that of assistant teacher in an institution for the blind in New York. In 1855, being possessed of a strong desire to test the virtue of the oft-repeated advice, "Go West," he went as far as Buffalo, where he tarried, assisting an uncle, Lewis West, in a literary undertaking. He began to study law and was admitted to the bar. He was District Attorney for Erie County in 1881, was elected Mayor of the city of Buffalo, an office which he filled with honor. He saved the city \$1,000,000 during a short period by checking unwise expenditures. In 1882 he became Governor of New York, in which office he showed the same fine judgment and clear-sightedness which characterized him as President.

In 1884 he was nominated for President by the Democratic convention and entered upon his duties in 1885, serving for one term and being re-nominated in 1888. He was defeated by Benjamin Harrison and returned to his law practice in New York.

The messages of Grover Cleveland are remarkable for their valuable advice, and his administration was one of the strongest and most brilliant in the Democratic line. His prompt action in the case of the Oklahoma boomers and his attitude toward the hot-heads in Panama proved the readiness and ability with which he was able to cope with all difficulties



STATUES IN LINCOLN PARK, LINCOLN

in the question. As a lawyer, master of his art ; as a statesman, wise and just ; as President, a great and honored man ; Grover Cleveland's name will be ranked among the greatest in the later annals of his State and country.

At the Democratic convention assembled at Chicago in June, 1892, Mr. Cleveland was unanimously accepted as a candidate for the Presidency, and in November his election by a large majority fulfilled the hope of all good Democrats. His name will again be heard in connection with all that is important in the coming four years of our country's history.

The Vice-President's chair has been filled by Aaron Burr, George Clinton, Daniel Tompkins, Martin Van Buren and Millard Fillmore. John Jay was the first Chief Justice, Smith Thompson and Samuel Nelson held the chairs of Associate Justices.

New York's soldiers have been celebrated in song and story for their bravery. In the Revolutionary War there are Schuyler, Clinton, Lamb, Miller. In the war of 1812, Van Rensselaer, Ripley, Brown, Pike, Wool and Admiral Porter were distinguished for bravery.

In the War of the Rebellion Generals Dix, Sickles, Sigel, Asboth, Ballou and Jones sustained the military honor of the Empire State.

In the interest of science and invention she has always taken a prominent part, and the names of Robert R. Livingstone and Robert Fulton, the great pioneers of steam navigation, and Samuel Morse and Cyrus W. Field, the kings of telegraphy, are graven with pride and honor on her marble tablets of fame.

But what of her authors and poets, her journalists and critics ? They, too, are legion, and it will be possible to give only a short sketch of a few of them.

At the head of this list of well-beloved names we must surely place that of William Cullen Bryant, who, though not a native of New York State, spent there the best of his fruitful years. He was born in 1794, in Hampshire, Mass. His best

poem, *Thanatopsis*, was written at the age of nineteen. For several years he studied law, but feeling that he was better qualified for literary work he went to New York, where he became editor of the *New York Review* and the *Literary Gazette*. Ten years later he assumed the editorship of the *Evening Post*, with which he had been connected. This paper was then, as it has been since, devoted to the best interests of the Government, employing a clear and acute style, and supporting the best educational influences of a people — science, literature and art.

His greatest work is a translation of the *Illiad* and the *Odyssey*. This has been acknowledged the best English version of those noble poems. His style resembles that of the old Greek poets in simplicity and dignity.

George William Curtis was also a New Englander whose literary labors were done in New York. He has but recently followed the author of "*Thanatopsis*" to that "home whence no traveler returns." As an author, critic and journalist he has but few peers. In 1846 he traveled in Europe, Syria and Egypt. His published volumes, "*Nile Notes of a Howadjii*," "*The Howadjii in Syria*," "*Lotus Eating*" and "*Potiphar Papers*" were the fruits of his travels abroad. "*Prue and I*" and "*Trumps*" were afterward published. He became associated with the *New York Tribune* in 1850, and in the unfortunate *Putnam's Magazine* he had a co-editorship, being seriously affected by its failure. In 1853 he had an important department, "*The Editor's Easy Chair*" in *Harper's Monthly*, and afterward wrote extensively for *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Curtis had a position that is higher and at the same time more literary than that of any other man in the profession. "As an amiable and cultivated occupant of the 'Easy Chair,' as the letter-writing bachelor of *Harper's Bazar*, and especially as the editor-in-chief of *Harper's Weekly*, he exercised a powerful influence — an influence for good — tending to cultivate the literary tastes of a wide circle of readers." In all that he has done there is everything to commend and nothing



GRAND SOUTHERN PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FAIR.

THE ILLUSTRATED WORLD'S FAIR CHICAGO.

to regret. He died August 29, 1892, at his home on Staten Island.

Alas, there is not room for a word about the sweet singers, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and the graceful poet, N. C. Willis, whose home, Idlewild, is nestled in the Catskills, not far from where Storm King rears his crest; Nathan P. Willis, the kindest of men and a poet of fine and delicate sensibilities; Joseph Rodman Drake, who wrote that stirring poem, the "American Flag;" Fitz Green Halleck, George P. Morris, A. P. Street, and Clarence Stedman, who, although interested in stocks and bonds, has leisure to wield a graceful pen.

These and many other writers, historians and divines, there are, with whose names everybody is familiar, for they have given their best intellectual powers for the uplifting of humanity.

Among the leaders of the press in this State are the names of Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Rochester Telegraph* in 1824, of the *Albany Evening Journal* in 1830, and 1867 of the *Commercial Advertiser*, of New York; George Dawson, Jesse Buel, William Cassidy, Peter Zenger; Mordecai Noah, founder of the *Sunday Times* and author of Hebrew literature and travels in England, France, Germany and Barbary States; Joseph Howard; Charles King, editor of *New York American* and President of Columbia College; Charles A. Dana, author and, in 1868, editor of the *New York Sun*.

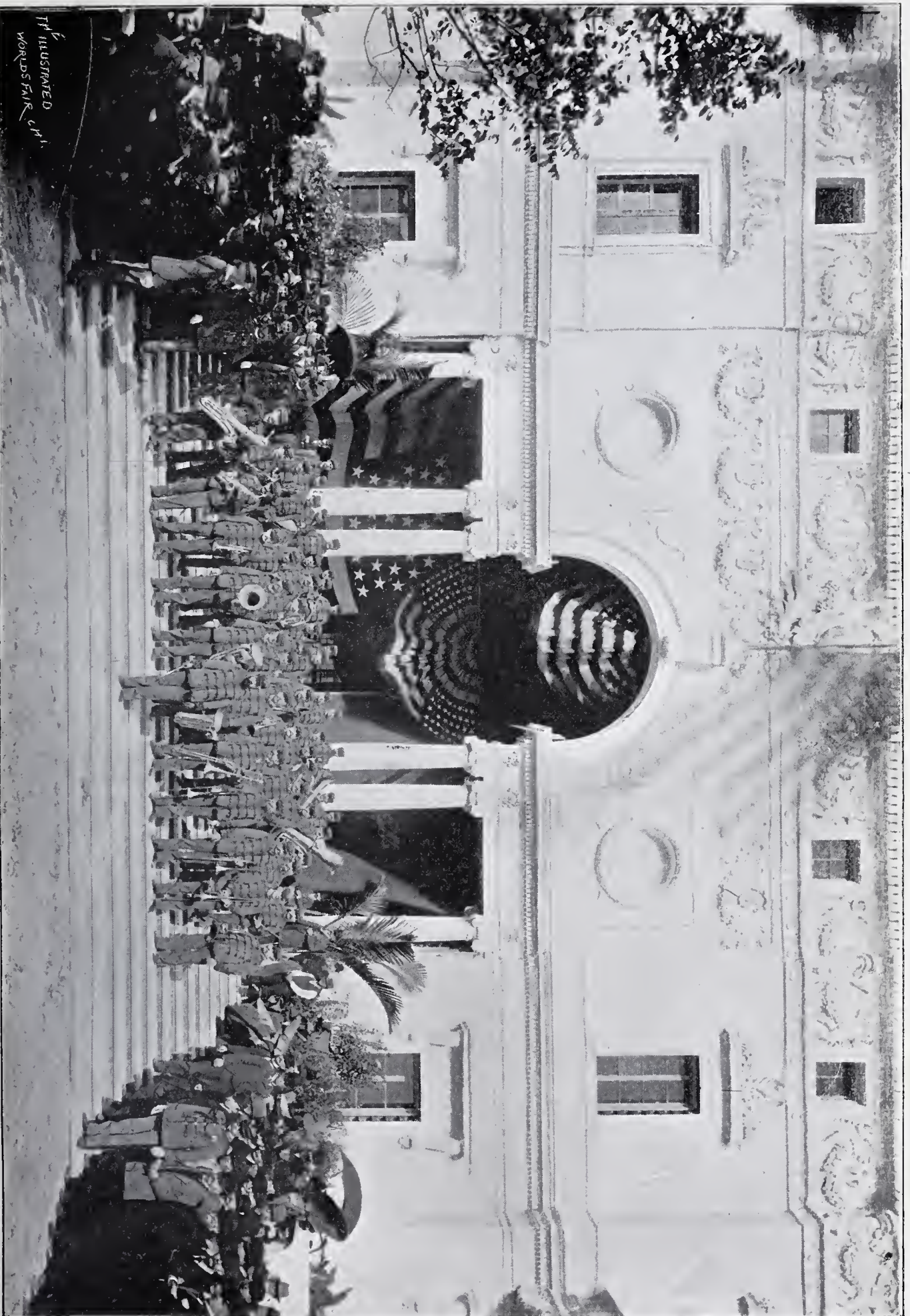
James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*, was the most successful journalist in America. In the humble beginning of the great *Herald* of to-day Mr. Bennett acted as an office-boy, reporter and editor. Industry, hard work and matchless journalistic effort on his part made it the greatest paper in the world. Mr. Bennett was independent of party ties, somewhat of a recluse socially, but an insatiate searcher for news. He held a ready pen and wrote brilliant editorials. He came to America a poor Scotch boy, and died at his home in New York, June 1, 1872. His son, James Gordon Bennett, was born in 1841. He is the proprietor of the great paper established by his father.

Horace Greeley's name is prominent as a journalist and politician, philanthropist and humanitarian. He was born in 1811, in Amherst, N. H. During his boyhood he struggled with poverty, coming to New York as a printer. On the tenth of April, 1841, he issued his first number of the *Tribune*. As editor of this paper he exercised a great influence for good upon the moral and political conditions of the country. His place in the hearts of a great people is eloquently attested by the tributes paid to him at the time of his death, November 29, 1872.

The severe mental strain incident to the labors of a Presidential campaign and the death of his beloved wife, produced inflammation of the brain, which in a short time ended his life. His last words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Of him it has been truly said, "The Tribune of the people, the friend and protector of the poor, has gone to his reward."

Another honored name on the journalistic list is that of Henry Jarvis Raymond, the founder of the *New York Times*. He was born in Lima, N. Y., where his education began in a country school. His first journalistic work was done for Horace Greeley's *New Yorker*. He showed remarkable ability, and when Mr. Greeley started the *Tribune* he gave Mr. Raymond the position of assistant editor. In 1851 appeared the first copy of the *Times*. "It drew at once to his staff the best talent in the country, and in ability and reliability came nearer to the standard of the *Nation* and the best English journal than any other journal in the land. In his political life Mr. Raymond was successful only in awakening many enemies. After his death "those who pursued and vilified his life were the first to pay tribute to his merits."

The name of A. T. Stewart is a synonym for successful mercantile enterprise. This great dry goods king was born in Ireland, was educated for the ministry, but came to the New World, where, for some years, he struggled through the experiences which tend to educate a man for the practical affairs of



THE ILLUSTRATED
WORLD'S FAIR '92

DEDICATION OF THE NEW YORK BUILDING, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892—SOUSA'S MARINE BAND.

life. He began in a small retail store, and after fourteen years of tireless industry he built the marble establishment famous throughout the world, and was ranked with William B. Astor as the owner of more millions than any other man in the State.

His success in business was due to his early acquired habits of economy, his knowledge of human nature and his power to drive hard bargains, even at some one else's risk.

The same characteristics belonged to John Jacob Astor, who came to America from Germany at the close of the Revolutionary War. His hard life in the old country had cultivated a shrewdness and economy in business matters which enabled him to become one of the richest men in America. He came to America at the age of seventeen and found employment with a furrier. He soon won the confidence of his employer, who sent him on extended trips for furs, which, for trifles, were purchased of the Indians. He made these journeys on foot, passing the sites where he wisely prophesied would be large cities, two of which, Rochester and Buffalo, have more than justified the clearness of his judgment. By and by he went into business for himself, still continuing his trips into the country, and sold his furs at good profits. He was enabled to buy a ship, which he sent to China, laden with furs, and which brought back cargoes of tea. He invested his rapidly accumulating wealth in real estate. The accumulation of wealth was the great achievement of his life, and when he died he owned over twenty million dollars' worth of property. The most brilliant of his enterprises was that which Irving described in *Astoria*—the establishing of a line of trading-posts across the continent and of a trading-depot on the Pacific coast, from which a ready interchange of merchandise could be made. His best and greatest gift was the Astor Library, prompted, perchance, by a friendly feeling toward Washington Irving. He was fond of saying that his immense fortune was made by honorable speculations. However that may be, it is said of him that, "at fifty he possessed his millions, but at sixty-five his millions possessed him." His vast fortune descended to his son, William B. Astor.

But not to John Jacob Astor did the largest fortune ever made in America belong. The famous ship-owner, Cornelius Vanderbilt, left property valued at eighty million dollars. This great financier and railroad king began his career as a poor boy, with a little sail-boat running between New York and Staten Island. For some years he braved the storms as a harbor boatman. His courage, economy and perseverance enabled him to go into larger schemes, and at the age of twenty-three he owned two or three sloops and had saved nine thousand dollars. For some years he increased his interest in, and ownership of, vessels doing a coasting trade.

He became known as the "Commodore," and was the leading promoter of steamship navigation, starting a line of steamers on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, at the same time becoming interested in leading railroads. He was far from miserly with his wealth, giving generously to great and small charities. His fortune descended to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who, like his father, was a benefactor to New York and the whole country. Cornelius Vanderbilt died January 3, 1877. His son was found dead in his library at his Fifth Avenue residence, December 8, 1885.

But he who is truly great, not by having amassed great fortunes, but because of his earnest efforts to raise the standard of education and broaden the intellectual horizon of the bread-winners of the country, is Bishop John H. Vincent, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has made Chautauqua the pivot of a vast educational enterprise—the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. By means of this a course of reading adapted to the needs of people whose leisure is limited, is placed within the reach of all classes, and a magazine of high literary tone, the *Chautauquan*, is also devoted to this excellent educational idea.

Prominent among the educators should be mentioned the name of Matthew Vassar, whose best monument is one of the leading institutions for the advanced education of women—Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PROCESSION ENTERING JACKSON PARK.

The good, wise and great divine, Henry Ward Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. For fifty years he held the pastorate of the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, where he used his wonderful power of oratory for the good of his people and all mankind. His sermons were widely copied in newspapers, and the whole world respects the memory of a man who by word and deed sought to forward the cause of Christianity.

His early influence while in college was that of a reformer. He was a popular student, but full of cheer and humor. Early in his ministerial course he used his influence against slavery, but it remained for the pen of his sister, Harriet Beecher, to do the most thorough work in rousing the public sentiment by means of her well-known book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Not only as a minister is Mr. Beecher celebrated, but as a writer and journalist as well. In 1831 he edited the *Cincinnati Journal*. While in Indianapolis, the *Farmer and Gardener* received a large share of his time.

In 1861 he founded the *Independent*, and in 1870 he became editor of the *Christian Union*. No one has done more for the good of humanity and no one has been more sincerely mourned than this great divine, who, at the age of seventy-seven, "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams."

The good done by this last and greatest of the great men of the State, whose lives here receive but brief and hasty sketches, will live forever in the hearts of Americans.

"Like mountain summits bright with sunrise that announce the day, such Americans are harbingers of the future which shall justify our faith and fulfill the promise of America to mankind.

"Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals, art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern self-sacrificing patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy, such qualities and achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a State."

PART IV.

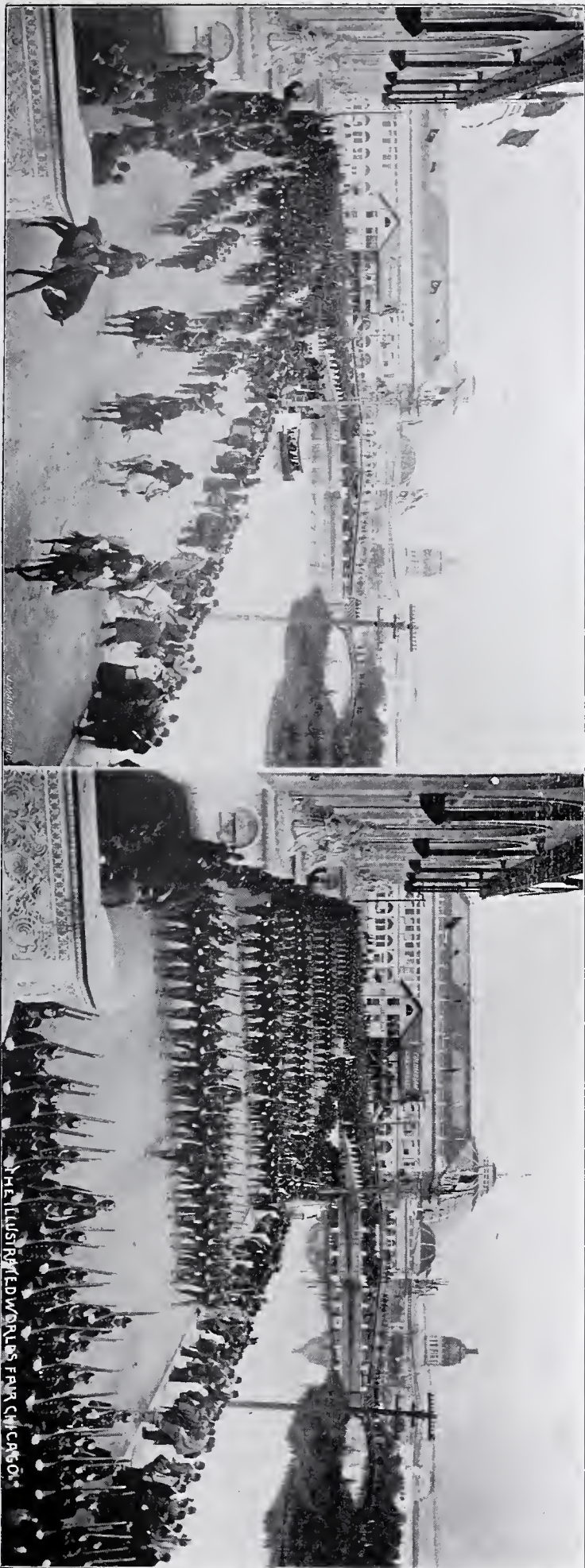
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



ALTHOUGH she can but imperfectly exhibit the height and depth and breadth of her grandeurs, New York presents a most imposing figure at the most imposing of universal expositions. The substantial dignity, the sociability and the culture of the State are forcibly symbolized in her picturesque and historic home, which is virtually a reproduction of the famous old Van Rensselaer residence. In it we see the heroic virtues, the homely industry, the broad hospitality, the full body and mind, and the intellectual liberality, tolerance and charity which became the basis of the cosmopolitan life of the Empire State.

This stately memorial of those rare old times, when streams of Dutch and English blood were pouring together to form an irresistible flood of life, is a most appropriate home for the temporary necessities and pleasures of the sons and daughters of New York. Amid its quaint grandeurs, and surrounded by the best of historic associations, her children will hold reunions in pairs, hundreds, and in thousands ; or go forth from their mansion to view the wonders of science, art, and manufactures, and the miracles of the earth, piled within those massive structures of the World's Fair City which they have done so much to build and so much to fill. There is, in fact, no feature of the State exhibits more noble and impressive than that presented in the persons of those children.

In the State Board of Managers are personified the energy and the ability which have brought the Empire State to her



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1892, ABOUT 1:30 P. M.

present prominence, both in the councils of the country and the Exposition. Its head is Chauncey M. Depew, the railroad magnate, the genial speaker and politician—a man of strong convictions, but of such consummate tact and breadth of character that his friends are numbered by the thousands in all walks of life and in the ranks of all parties. Gorton W. Allen, of Auburn; John Boyd Thatcher, of Albany; Donald McNaughton, also of the capital city; Louis W. Howland, of New York City; Charles A. Sweet, of Buffalo, and Walter A. Sessions, of Jamestown, are strong co-laborers representing the old commercial, financial and professional families which for generations have been adding luster to their State. The three gentlemen first named are members of the World's Columbian Commission. To this list must also be added the Secretary of the State Board, John Foord; the Chief Clerk, P. T. Wall, and a brilliant array of Commissioners representing the judicial districts of the State. The office of the Board is at the State capitol, and of the Judicial District Commissioners, at Buffalo.

These are some of the sons of New York who so fairly represent her greatness. Of her daughters who stand for ability and grace of American womanhood may be mentioned Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, First Vice-President of the National Board of Lady Managers; also serving upon the same Board, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mrs. D. P. Verdenal and Miss Ellen A. Ford (Mesdames John Pope and A. H. Palmer being Lady Alternates); Mrs. Erastus Corning, President of the State Board of Women Managers, with the other State Representatives—Mrs. George Waddington, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Mrs. Leslie Pell-Clarke, Miss Frances Todd Patterson, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Mrs. Andrew White, Miss J. Imogen Howard (colored), Mrs. Wm. J. Averell, Miss Caroline E. Dennis, Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. Fred R. Halsey, Miss Annie Hemstrough, Miss Maria M. Love, Miss Elizabeth T. Minturn, Miss Anna Roosevelt, Mrs. Dean Sage, Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, Mrs. Charles F. Wadsworth,

Mrs. H. Walter Webb, Mrs. Howard G. White and Mrs. Florence C. Ives — the last named being Chief Clerk of the Board, with an office at the State capitol.

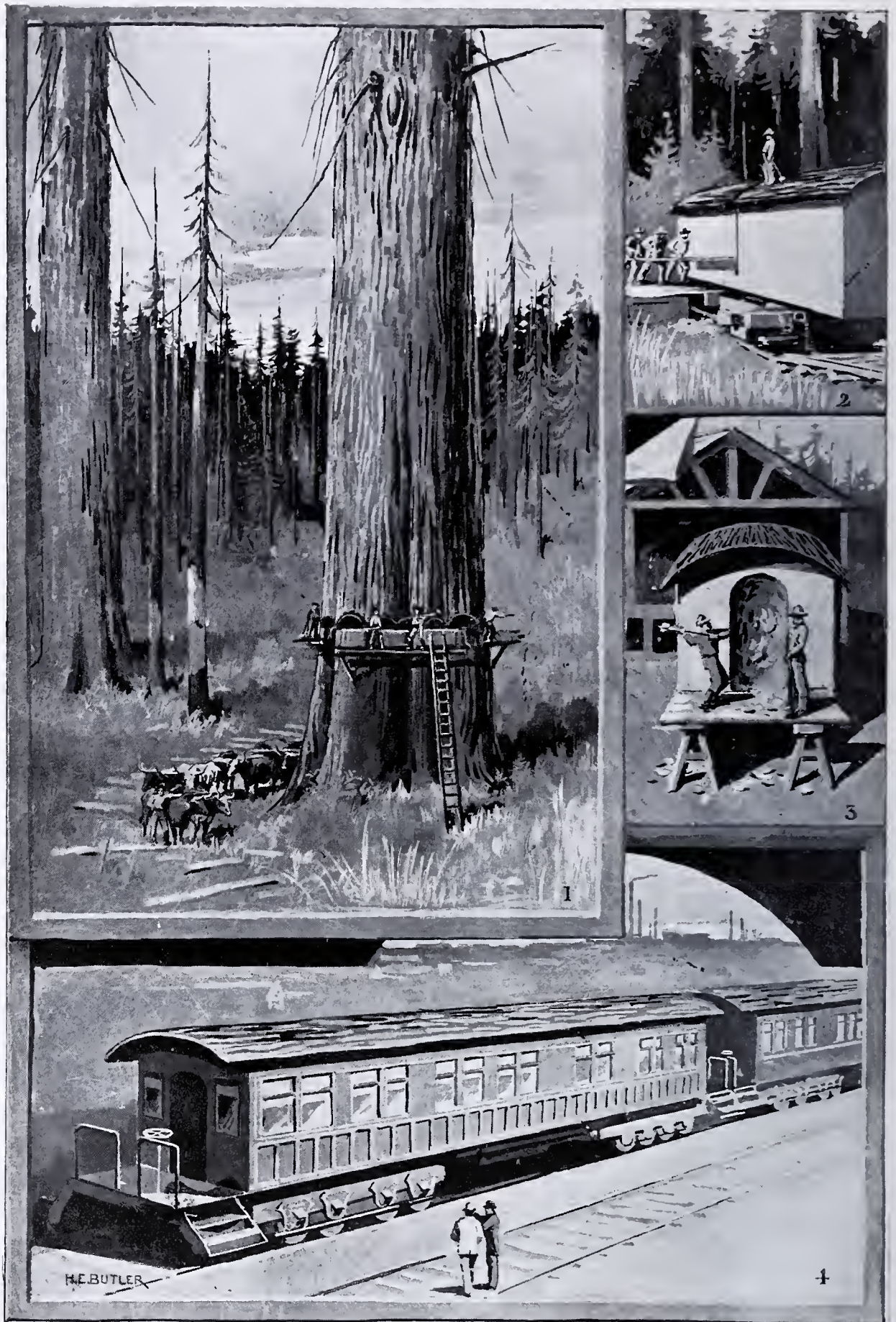
A mere survey of these names by an intelligent person will indicate how ably represented are the artistic, the industrial, the educational, the philanthropic, and the social worlds within the Empire State. They form a brilliant crown for the Stately Queen, so grandly endowed in body and in mind, who now royally appears in that vast army of the States and Nations arrayed for the inspection of the World.





THE BUILDING TO BE ERECTED BY GERMANY.

Illustrated with the pen and ink of the artist.



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A FEATURE OF CALIFORNIA'S EXHIBIT.

BIG STORY.

George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Continental forces in the war of the American liberty, and first President of the United States, was the father of our glorious country. Being ambitious, he concluded that his father's cherry tree was the place to try his new hatchet. An echo comes from California saying: "We have no chestnut to spring upon the World's Columbian Exposition. Sister States, we are coming to see you next summer with a novel feature of our own production, and call for your great and grand comparisons.

"We heard the other day you had a big building there capable of holding one thousand homes, and providing a twenty-five-foot lot for each, all under one roof. On an average of five to each family, such a village would easily contain five thousand people; and you call that the Manufactures Building, situated in a little suburb of Evanston, named Chicago. So we concluded we would come and see you in a tree, selecting one equal to the occasion from Tulare county, being twenty-eight feet in diameter, and something more than four hundred and twenty feet long, from which we can make four cars. We cut the tree into lengths the size of a common railway car, about eleven feet square and fifty-five feet long.

"We will then hollow out the inside by first cutting doors at each end, working out the inside, and polishing the inside surface, making our windows and other decorations of rich design, and in excellent taste; and to convince you, we will leave the roof the natural bark of the tree. Thus, by attaching Allen paper car wheels, we shall have a full-sized railway train made of but a small portion of a California tree. Such a dug-out will be a feature of interest to our little sisters.

"Yours in friendship,

"CALIFORNIA."

POSTSCRIPT.—A large portion of the material taken out will be made into souvenir toothpicks. Who wants the first one for ten thousand dollars? DOYLE, MEYERS & BACHMAN.

Tulare County, California.



THE LAKE SHORE, LOOKING NORTH FROM DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

OUR TRAVELING FACILITIES.

It is difficult to say in what line the restless spirit of this wonderful age has brought forth the greatest and most beneficial improvements.

Our printing press keeps us in daily touch with the whole world, telling us, a few hours after, of events transpiring thousands of miles away, and often giving us for five cents a quantity of information neatly illustrated, that would fill an octavo volume of hundreds of pages.

The telegraph, with its concomitant electrical appliances, beats old time, and is in exact step with the age. It is a Yankee invention, worthy its father Morse and its grandfather Franklin.

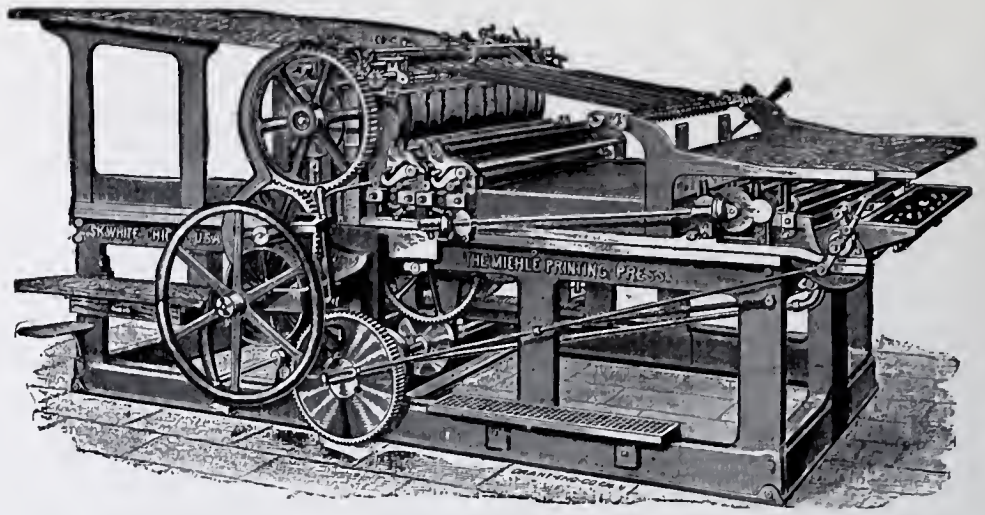
To these we might add the telephone, the phonograph, the typewriter and scores of other inventions, at first appearance chimerical, but which, by their intrinsic merit, have forced themselves into general use, and have come to stay.

But nothing has made bolder strides, or advanced more rapidly in the requirements of speed and convenience, than the modern appliances of travel. From the slow-sailing caravel of Columbus, which required months in crossing the Atlantic, we have the modern greyhounds of the ocean which make the same trip in a week. We have also the swift-floating river palaces and the nondescript whaleback, all wonders in their line, but exactly adapted to the service required of them.

On land we have the locomotive with its solid vestibule train of palace cars, fitted with every convenience of a modern hotel. When we compare this with the lumbering stage-coach of a hundred years ago, or with Stephenson's first locomotive and train of open cars, which reached a speed of ten miles an hour and stopped when it rained, we are lost in wonder at the great strides made by the science and inventive genius which have produced results eclipsing the wildest flights of fancy in the Arabian Nights and of Aladdin and his lamp.

In the immense building devoted to transportation exhibits at the World's Fair, we shall be able to see and compare the traveling appliances of the past and the present.

The locomotives of the present day are wonderful and complicated structures, their requirements taxing to the utmost such manufacturing firms as the Baldwins, of Philadelphia; Brooks, of Dunkirk, N. Y.; Rogers, of New York City, and a score of others, all of which will be represented at the World's Columbian Exposition.



PRINTING PRESS EXHIBIT.

Christopher Columbus, the great navigator and explorer, who added a new hemisphere to the globe, and of whom our World's Fair is a memorial, was the greatest man of his era.

Wonderful is the advancement since the days of the great explorer, but perhaps in no line is more credit due than to the inventive genius which has brought out and perfected the printing press.

The movable types of Faust and Gutenberg marked an era in book-making which developed the complicated, swift-moving presses and the beautiful printing of the present day. Hundreds of thousands of these machines are in constant operation throughout the world, using over 100,000 tons of paper daily.

To nearly every country in the known world the printing press has found its way, elevating mankind and accomplishing more in weeks in the spread of knowledge than was formerly possible in years.

Among the many new presses which the ever increasing demands of the age have brought out, the Miehle, represented in the above engraving, is one of the most modern, possessing new features of value to the enterprising printer, among which is a new bed movement which relieves it from the jar and strain of the usual devices of spring, shoe, etc. It is claimed that this movement gives absolutely perfect register at a higher rate of speed than is possible in any other press now on the market. Its claims are worthy of investigation.

Not less than three of these presses will be on exhibition at the World's Fair, one of which will be kept running, at a high rate of speed, on fine half-tone illustrations.

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